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BELL'S EDITION,
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE, FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.
DONNE VOL. I.
And in this Coarse attire, which I now wear,
With God and with the noises I confer.
Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Sept

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

DR. JOHN DONNE,

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

CONTAINING HIS

SATIRES AND EPITHALAMIONS.

I will not draw the envy to engross
All thy perfections, or weep all our loss;
Those are too num'rous for an elegie,
And this too great to be express'd by me.
Tho' ev'ry pen should share a distinct part,
Yet thou art theme enough to try all art.
Let others carve the rest; it shall suffice
I on thy tomb this epitaph incise:
Here lies a king that rul'd, as he thought fit,
The universal monarchy of wit:
Here lie two flamens, and both those the best,
Apollo's first, at last the true God's priest.

THO. CARY.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

DR. JOHN DONNE

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

DONNE! the delight of Phœbus and each Muse,
Who to thy one all other brains refuse;
Whose ev'ry work of thy most early wit
Came forth example, and remain so yet;
Longer a knowing than most wits do live,
And which no affection praise enough can give;
To it thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a strife;
All which I mean to praise, and yet I would,
But leave because I cannot as I should.

BEN. JONSON

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Walker Family
4-29-32

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN DONNE.

MR. John Donne was born in London, of good and virtuous parents; and though his own learning and other multiplied merits may justly appear sufficient to dignify both himself and his posterity, yet the reader may be pleased to know that his father was lineally descended from a very ancient family in Wales, where many of his name now live, that deserve and have great reputation in that country.

By his mother he was descended of the family of the famous and learned Sir Thomas More, some time Lord Chancellor of England; as also from that worthy and laborious Judge Rastall, who left posterity the vast statutes of the law of this nation most exactly abridged.

He had his first breeding in his father's house, where a private tutor had the care of him, until the ninth year of his age, and in his tenth year was sent to the university of Oxford, having at that time a good command both of the French and Latin tongue. This, and some other of his remarkable abilities, made one give this censure of him, That this age had brought forth another Picus Mirandula, of whom story says, that he was rather born than made wise by study.

There he remained in Hart-Hall, having, for the advancement of his studies, tutors of several sciences

to attend and instruct him, till time made him capable, and his learning, expressed in public exercises, declared him worthy, to receive his first degree in the schools, which he forbore by advice from his friends, who, being for their religion of the Romish persuasion, were conscionably averse to some parts of the oath that is always tendered at those times, and not to be refused by those that expect the titulary honour of their studies.

About the fourteenth year of his age he was transplanted from Oxford to Cambridge, where, that he might receive nourishment from both soils, he staid till his seventeenth year; all which time he was a most laborious student, often changing his studies, but endeavouring to take no degree, for the reasons formerly mentioned.

About the seventeenth year of his age he was removed to London, and then admitted into Lincoln's-Inn, with an intent to study the law, where he gave great testimonies of his wit, his learning, and of his improvement, in that profession, which never served him for other use than an ornament and self-satisfaction.

His father died before his admission into this society, and, being a merchant, left him his portion in money, (it was 3000*l.*) His mother, and those to whose care he was committed, were watchful to improve his knowledge, and to that end appointed him tutors in the mathematics, and all the liberal sciences, to attend him; but with these arts they were advised to instill

particular principles of the Romish church, of which those tutors professed, tho' secretly, themselves to be members.

They had almost obliged him to their faith, having for their advantage (besides many opportunities) the example of his dear and pious parents, which was a most powerful persuasion, and did work much upon him, as he professeth in his Preface to his Pseudo-Martyr, a book of which the reader shall have some account in what follows.

He was now entered into the eighteenth year of his age, and at that time had betrothed himself to no religion that might give him any other denomination than a Christian; and reason and piety had both persuaded him that there could be no such sin as schism, if a adherence to some visible church were not necessary.

He did, therefore, at his entrance into the nineteenth year of his age, (tho' his youth and strength then promised him a long life) yet being unresolved in his religion, he thought it necessary to rectify all scruples that concerned that; and therefore waving the law, and betrothing himself to no art or profession that might justly denominate him, he begun to survey the body of divinity, as it was then controverted betwixt the Reformed and the Roman church; and as God's blessed Spirit did then awaken him to the search, and in hat industry did never forsake him, (they be his own ords, in his Preface to Pseudo-Martyr) so he calls

the same holy Spirit to witness this protestation, that in that disquisition and search he proceeded with humility and diffidence in himself, and by that which he took to be the safest way, namely, fervent prayers, and an indifferent affection to both parties; and indeed, Truth had too much light about her to be hid from so sharp an inquirer, and he had too much ingenuity not to acknowledge he had found her.

Being to undertake this search, he believed the Cardinal Bellarmine to be the best defender of the Roman cause, and therefore betook himself to the examination of his reasons. The cause was weighty, and wilful delays had been inexcusable both towards God and his own conscience; he therefore proceeded in this search with all moderate haste, and before the twentieth year of his age did shew the then Dean of Gloucester (whose name my memory hath now lost) all the Cardinal's works, marked with many weighty observations under his own hand, which works were bequeathed by him at his death as a legacy to a most dear friend.

The year following he resolved to travel, and the Earl of Essex going first to Calais, and after the Island voyages, he took the advatage of those opportunities, waited upon his Lordship, and was an eye-witness of those happy and unhappy employments.

But he returned not back into England till he had staid some years first in Italy, and then in Spain, where

he made many useful observations of those countries, their laws, and manner of government, and returned perfect in their languages.

The time that he spent in Spain was, at his first going into Italy, designed for travelling the Holy Land, and for viewing Jerusalem and the sepulchre of our Saviour; but at his being in the furthest parts of Italy, the disappointment of company, or of a safe convoy, or the uncertainty of returns of money into those remote parts, denied him that happiness, which he did often occasionally mention with a deploration.

Not long after his return into England, that exemplary pattern of gravity and wisdom, the Lord Elsemore, then Keeper of the Great Seal, and Lord Chancellor of England, taking notice of his learning, languages, and other abilities, and much affecting his person and condition, took him to be his chief Secretary, supposing and intending it to be an introduction to some more weighty employment in the state, for which his Lordship did often protest he thought him very fit.

Nor did his Lordship, in this time of Mr. Donne's attendance upon him, account him to be so much his servant as to forget he was his friend; and, to testify it, did always use him with much courtesy, appointing him a place at his own table, to which he esteemed his company and discourse a great ornament.

He continued that employment for the space of five years, being daily useful, and not mercenary to his

friends; during which time he (I dare not say unhappily) fell into such a liking as, with her approbation, increased into a love, with a young gentlewoman that lived in that family, who was niece to the Lady Elsemore, and daughter to Sir George Moor, then Chancellor of the Garter, and Lieutenant of the Tower.

Sir George had some intimation of it, and knowing prevention to be a great part of wisdom, did therefore remove her with much haste from that to his own house at Lothesley, in the county of Surrey; but too late, by reason of some faithful promises, which were so interchangeably passed as never to be violated by either party.

These promises were only known to themselves, and the friends of both parties used much diligence and many arguments to kill or cool their affections to each other, but in vain; for love is a flattering mischief, that hath denied aged and wise men a foresight of those evils that too often prove to be the children of that blind father; a passion that carries us to commit errors with as much ease as whirlwinds remove feathers, and begets in us an unwearied industry to the attainment of what we desire: and such an industry did, notwithstanding much watchfulness against it, bring them secretly together, (I forbear to tell how) and to a marriage too, without the allowance of those friends whose approbation always was, and ever will be, necessary to make even a virtuous love become lawful.

And that the knowledge of their marriage might not fall like an unexpected tempest on those that were unwilling to have it so, but that pre-apprehensions might make it the less enormous, it was purposely whispered into the ears of many that it was so, yet by none that could attest it: but to put a period to the jealousies of Sir George, (doubt often begetting more restless thoughts than the certain knowledge of what we fear) the news was, in favour to Mr. Donne, and with his allowance, made known to Sir George by his honourable friend and neighbour, Henry Earl of Northumberland; but it was to Sir George so immeasurably unwelcome, and so transported him, that, as tho' his passion of anger and inconsideration might exceed theirs of love and error, he presently engaged his sister, the Lady Elsemore, to join with him to procure her lord to discharge Mr. Donne of the place he held under his Lordship. This request was followed with violence; and though Sir George was remembered that errors might be overpunished, and desired therefore to forbear till second consideration might clear some scruples, yet he became restless until his suit was granted, and the punishment executed: and though the Lord Chancellor did not, at Mr. Donne's dismission, give him such a commendation as the great Emperor Charles V. did of his Secretary Eraso, when he presented him to his son and successor, Philip II. saying, "That in his "Eraso he gave to him a greater gift than all his estate,

"and all the kingdoms which he the[n r]
him;" yet he said, "he parted with a f
"such a secretary as was fitter to serve a k
"subject."

And yet this physic of Mr. Donne's dism
not strong enough to purge out all Sir Georg
for he was not satisfied till Mr. Donne and
time compupil in Cambridge that married hi
ly, Samuel Brook, (who was after doctor in
and master of Trinity College) and his brot
Christopher Brook, some time Mr. Donne's
fellow in Lincoln's-inn, who gave Mr. D
wife, and witnessed the marriage, were all co
and to three several prisons.

Mr. Donne was first enlarged, who neither
to his body or brain, nor to any friend in w
might hope to have an interest, until he had
an enlargement for his two imprisoned friend

He was now at liberty, but his days were stil
and being past these troubles, others did still
upon him; for his wife was (to her extreme
detained from him; and tho', with Jacob, he
not an hard service for her, yet he lost a g
and was forced to make good his title to her,
get possession of her, by a long and restless sui
which proved troublesome and chargeable
whose youth, and travel, and needless bou
brought his estate into a narrow compass.

It is observed, and most truly, that silence and submission are charming qualities, and work most upon passionate men; and it proved so with Sir George; for these, and a general report of Mr. Donne's merits, together with his winning behaviour, (which, when it would entice, had a strange kind of elegant irresistible art) these and time had so dispassionated Sir George, that, as the world had approved his daughter's choice, so he also could not but see a more than ordinary merit in his new son; and this at last melted him into so much remorse, (for love and anger are so like agues as to have hot and cold fits; and love in parents, though it may be quenched, yet is easily rekindled, and expires not till death denies mankind a natural heat) that he laboured his son's restoration to his place, using to that end both his own and his sister's power to her lord; but with no success; for his answer was, "That tho' he was unfeignedly sorry for what he had "done, yet it was inconsistent with his place and "credit to discharge and re-admit servants at the re-"quest of passionate petitioners."

Sir George's endeavour for Mr. Donne's re-admission was by all means to be kept secret: (for men do more naturally reluct for errors than submit to put on those blemishes that attend their visible acknowledgment) but, however, it was not long before Sir George appeared to be so far reconciled as to wish their happiness, and not to deny them his paternal

blessing, but yet refused to contribute any means that might conduce to their livelihood.

Mr. Donne's estate was the greatest part spent in many and chargeable travels, books, and dear-bought experience; he out of all employment that might yield a support for himself and wife, who had been curiously and plentifully educated; both their natures generous, and accustomed to confer, and not to receive, courtesies: these, and other considerations, but chiefly that his wife was to bear a part in his sufferings, surrounded him with many sad thoughts, and some apparent apprehensions of want.

But his sorrows were lessened, and his wants prevented, by the seasonable courtesy of their noble kinsman, Sir Francis Wolly of Pirford in Surrey, who entreated them to a cohabitation with him, where they remained with much freedom to themselves, and equal content to him, for many years; and as their charge increased, (she had yearly a child) so did his love and bounty.

It hath been observed by wise and considering men, that wealth hath seldom been the portion, and never the mark, to discover good people; but that almighty God, who disposeth all things wisely, hath, of his abundant goodness, denied it (he only knows why) to many whose minds he hath enriched with the greater blessings of knowledge and virtue, as the fairer testimonies of his love to mankind: and this was the pre-

sent condition of this man of so excellent erudition and endowments, whose necessary and daily expences were hardly reconcileable with his uncertain and narrow estate: which I mention, for that at this time there was a most generous offer made him for the moderating of his worldly cares, the declaration of which shall be the next employment of my pen.

God hath been so good to his church as to afford it, in every age, some such men to serve at his altar as have been piously ambitious of doing good to mankind; a disposition that is so like to God himself, that it owes itself only to him who takes a pleasure to behold it in his creatures. These times he did bless with many such, some of which still live to be patterns of apostolical charity, and of more than human patience. I have said this, because I have occasion to mention one of them in my following discourse, namely, Dr. Morton, the most laborious and learned Bishop of Durham, one that God hath blessed with perfect intellectuals, and a cheerful heart, at the age of ninety-four years, and is yet living; one that, in his days of plenty, had so large a heart as to use his large revenue to the encouragement of learning and virtue, and is now (be it spoken with sorrow) reduced to a narrow estate, which he embraces without repining, and still shews the beauty of his mind [redacted] hand, as if this were an age in which [redacted] to care for itself." I have taken a [redacted] reader a short but true cha-

"pious patience. You know I have formerly per-
"suaded you to wave your court hopes, and enter into
"holy orders, which I now again persuade you to em-
"brace, with this reason added to my former request;
"the King hath yesterday made me Dean of Glouces-
"ter, and I am possessed of a benefice, the profits of
"which are equal to those of my deanery; I will think
"my deanery enough for my maintenance, (who am
"and resolve to die a single man) and will quit my be-
"nefice, and estate you in it, (which the patron is
"willing I shall do) if God shall incline your heart
"to embrace this motion. Remember, Mr. Donne,
"[illegible] man's education or parts make him too good for
"[illegible] his employment, which is to be an ambassador for
"[illegible] the God of glory, who by a vile death opened the
"[illegible] gates of life to mankind. Make me no present an-
"[illegible]er, but remember your promise, and return to me
"[illegible] third day with your resolution."

[illegible] hearing of this, Mr. Donne's faint breath
[illegible] countenance gave a visible testimony of
[illegible] but he performed his promise, and
[illegible]rning an answer till the third
[illegible] effect:

[illegible]t dear friend, since I
[illegible] to my promise, and
[illegible] your great kindness,
[illegible]d exceed even my gra-
[illegible] and more I cannot re-

" turn you, and I do that with an heart full of humility
" and thanks, though I may not accept of your offer:
" but, Sir, my refusal is not for that I think myself
" too good for that calling, for which kings, if they
" think so, are not good enough; nor for that my
" education and learning, though not eminent, may
" not, being assisted with God's grace and humility,
" render me in some measure fit for it; but I dare
" make so dear a friend as you are my confessor. Some
" irregularities of my life have been so visible to some
" men, that though I have, I thank God, made my peace
" with him by penitential resolutions against them;
" and, by the assistance of his grace, banished them
" my affections, yet this, which God knows to be so,
" is not so visible to man as to free me from their cen-
" sures, and, it may be, that sacred calling from a dis-
" honour: and, besides, whereas it is determined by
" the best of casuists, that God's glory should be the
" first end, and a maintenance the second motive, to
" embrace that calling, and though each man may pro-
" pose to himself both together, yet the first may not
" be put last without a violation of conscience, which
" he that searches the heart will judge. And truly
" my present condition is such, that if I ask my own
" conscience whether it be reconcileable to that rule,
" it is at this time so perplexed about it, that I can
" neither give myself nor you an answer. You know,
" Sir, who says, " Happy is that man whose con-

"science doth not accuse him for that thing which he "does." To these I might add other reasons that dis-"suade me; but I crave your favour that I may for-"bear to express them, and thankfully decline your "offer."

This was his present resolution: but the heart of man is not in his own keeping, and he was destined to this sacred service by an higher hand, a hand so powerful, as at last forced him to a compliance; of which I shall give the reader an account before I shall give a rest to my pen.

Mr. Donne and his wife continued with Sir Francis Wolly till his death, a little before which time Sir Francis was so happy as to make a perfect reconciliation betwixt Sir George and his forsaken son and daughter, Sir George conditioning, by bond, to pay to Mr. Donne 800*l.* at a certain day, as a portion with his wife, or 20*l.* quarterly for their maintenance, as the interest of it, till the said portion was paid.

Most of those years that he lived with Sir Francis he studied the Civil and Canon laws, in which he acquired such a perfection as was judged to hold proportion with many who had made that study the employment of their whole life.

Sir Francis being dead, and that happy family dissolved, Mr. Donne took for himself an house in Micham, near to Croydon in Surrey, a place noted for good air and choice company: there his wife and chil-

dren remained; and for hi[m]self
London, near to Whitehall, whe[re]
occasions drew him very often, a[nd]
often visited by many of the no[ble]
this nation, who used him in their co[n]
consideration.

Nor did our own nobility only v[alue]
him, but his acquaintance and friendshi[p]
for by most ambassadors of foreign na[tions]
many other strangers, whose learning or Gu[ilt]
casioned their stay in this nation.

He was much importuned by many friend[s]
his constant residence in London, but he still d[id]
having settled his dear wife and children at M[itcham]
and near some friends that were bountiful t[o]
and him; for they, God knows, needed it: a[nd]
you may the better now judge of the then
condition of his mind and fortune, I shall
you with an extract, collected out of some few
many letters.

--------"And the reason why I did not s[ooner]
"answer to your last week's letter was, beca[use]
"found me under too great a sadness; and at
"'tis thus with me: there is not one person b[ut]
"self well of my family. I have already lost
"child, and with that mischance of her's, my
"fallen into such a discomposure as would affl[ict]
"too extremely, but that the sickness of all be

" dren stupifies her, of one of which, in good faith, I " have not much hope; and these meet with a fortune " so ill provided for physic, and such relief, that if " God should ease us with burials, I know not how to " perform even that; but I flatter myself with this " hope, that I am dying too; for I cannot waste faster " than by such griefs. As for----

From my Hospital at Micham, Aug. 16. JOHN DONNE."

Thus he did bemoan himself; and thus in other letters.

----" For we hardly discover a sin when it is but " an omission of some good, and no accusing act: " with this or the former I have often suspected my- " self to be overtaken; which is, with an over-earnest " desire of the next life: and though I know it is not " merely a weariness of this, because I had the same " desire when I went with the tide, and enjoyed fairer " hopes than I now do, yet I doubt worldly troubles " have increased it. 'Tis now spring, and all the " pleasures of it displease me: every other tree blos- " soms, and I wither; I grow older, and not better; " my strength diminisheth, and my load grows hea- " vier; and yet I would fain be or do something; but " that I cannot tell what is no wonder in this time of " my sadness; for to chuse is to do, but to be no part of " my body is as to be nothing; and so I am, and shall " so judge myself, unless I could be so incorporated

" into a part of the world, as by business to contribute
" some sustentation to the whole. This I made ac-
" count; I began early when I understood the study
" of our laws, but was diverted by leaving that and
" embracing the worst voluptuousness, an hydroptic
" immoderate desire of human learning and langua-
" ges; beautiful ornaments, indeed, to men of great
" fortunes, but mine was grown so low as to need an
" occupation, which I thought I entered well into
" when I subjected myself to such a service as I thought
" might exercise my poor abilities; and there I stum-
" bled, and fell too; and now I am become so little,
" or such a nothing, that I am not a subject good
" enough for one of my own letters.----I fear my
" present discontent does not proceed from a good
" root, that I am so well content to be nothing, that
" is, dead. But, Sir, though my fortune hath made me
" such, as that I am rather a sickness or a disease of
" the world than any part of it, and therefore neither
" love it nor life, yet I would gladly live to become
" some such thing as you should not repent loving
" me. Sir, your own soul cannot be more zealous of
" your good than I am; and God, who loves that zeal
" in me, will not suffer you to doubt it. You would
" pity me now if you saw me write, for my pain hath
" drawn my head so much awry, and holds it so, that
" my eye cannot follow my pen. I therefore receive
" you into my prayers with mine own weary soul,

"and commend myself to yours's. I doubt not but "next week will bring you good news, for I have "either mending or dying on my side: but if I do "continue longer thus, I shall have comfort in this, "that my blessed Saviour, in exercising his justice up- "on my two worldly parts, my fortune and my body, "reserves all his mercy for that which most needs it, "my soul; that is, I doubt, too like a porter, which "is very often near the gate, and yet goes not out. "Sir, I profess to you truly that my loathness to give "over writing now seems to myself a sign that I shall "write no more.----

Your poor friend, and God's poor patient,

Sept. 7. JOHN DONNE."

By this you have seen a part of the picture of his narrow fortune, and the perplexities of his generous mind, and thus it continued with him for about two years, all which time his family remained constantly at Micham, and to which place he often retired himself, and destined some days to a constant study of some points of controversy betwixt the English and Roman church, and especially those of supremacy and allegiance; and to that place, and such studies, he could willingly have wedded himself during his life: but the earnest persuasion of friends became at last to be so powerful as to cause the removal of himself and family to London, where Sir Robert Drewry, a gentleman of very noble estate, and a more liberal mind,

y his public writings now extant; and his Maje
oursing with Mr. Donne concerning many of t
ons which are usually urged against the taking o
aths, apprehended such a validity and clear
is stating the questions, and his answers to
hat his Majesty commanded him to bestow so

in drawing the arguments into a method, and then write his answers to them; and having done that, not to send, but be his own messenger, and bring them to him. To this he presently applied himself, and within six weeks brought them to him under his own hand-writing, as they be now printed, the book bearing the name of Pseudo-Martyr.

When the King had read and considered that book, he persuaded Mr. Donne to enter into the ministry, to which at that time he was and appeared very unwilling, apprehending it (such was his mistaking modesty) to be too weighty for his abilities; and though his Majesty had promised him a favour, and many persons of worth mediated with his Majesty for some secular employment for him, to which his education had apted him, and particularly the Earl of Somerset, when in his height of favour, who being then at Theobald's with the King, where one of the Clerks of the Council died that night, and the Earl having sent for Mr. Donne to come to him immediately, said, "Mr. Donne, to testify the reality of "my affection, and my purpose to prefer you, stay "in this garden till I go up to the King and bring you "word that you are Clerk of the Council: doubt not "my doing this, for I know the King loves you, and "will not deny me." But the King gave a positive de-"nial to all requests; and, having a discerning spirit, replied, "I know Mr. Donne is a learned man, has the

"abilities of a learned divine, and will prove a powerful "preacher, and my desire is to prefer him that way." After that time, as he professeth, * the King descended to a persuasion, almost to a solicitation, of him to enter into sacred orders; which, though he then denied not, yet he deferred it for almost three years; all which time he applied himself to an incessant study of textual divinity, and to the attainment of a greater perfection in the learned languages, Greek and Hebrew.

In the first and most blessed times of Christianity, when the clergy were looked upon with reverence, and deserved it; when they overcame their opposers by high examples of virtue, by a blessed patience and long suffering, those only were then judged worthy the ministry whose quiet and meek spirits did make them look upon that sacred calling with an humble adoration, and fear to undertake it, which indeed requires such great degrees of humility, and labour, and care, that none but such were then thought worthy of that celestial dignity; and such only were then sought out, and solicited to undertake it: this I have mentioned, because forwardness and inconsideration could not in Mr. Donne, as in many others, be an argument of insufficiency or unfitness; for he had considered long, and had many strifes within himself concerning the strictness of life and competency of learning required in such as enter into sacred orders; and,

* In his book of Devotions.

doubtless, considering his own demerits, did humbly ask God, with St. Paul, "Lord, who is sufficient for "these things?" and, with meek Moses, "Lord, who "am I?" And sure if he had consulted with flesh and blood, he had not put his hand to that holy plough. But God, who is able to prevail, wrestled with him, as the angel did with Jacob, and marked him; marked him for his own; marked him with a blessing; a blessing of obedience to the motions of his blessed Spirit; and then, as he had formerly asked God, with Moses, "Who am I?" so now, being inspired with an apprehension of God's particular mercy to him, in the King's and others' solicitations of him, he came to ask King David's thankful question, "Lord, who am "I, that thou art so mindful of me?" so mindful of me, as to lead me for more than forty years through this wilderness of the many temptations and various turnings of a dangerous life; so merciful to me, as to move the learnedest of kings to descend to move me to serve at thy altar; so merciful to me, as at last to move my heart to embrace this holy motion: thy motions I will and do embrace; and I now say, with the blessed Virgin, "Be it with thy servant as seem-"eth best in thy sight:" and so, blessed Jesus, I do take the cup of salvation, and will call upon thy name, and will preach thy gospel.

Such strifes as these St. Austin had when St. Ambrose endeavoured his conversion to Christianity,

with which he confesseth he acquainted his friend Alipius. Our learned author (a man fit to write after no mean copy) did the like; and declaring his intentions to his dear friend, Dr. King, then Bishop of London, a man famous in his generation, and no stranger to Mr. Donne's abilities, (for he had been chaplain to the Lord Chancellor at the time of Mr. Donne's being his Lordship's Secretary) that reverend man did receive the news with much gladness; and after some expressions of joy, and a persuasion to be constant in his pious purpose, he proceeded with all convenient speed to ordain him both Deacon and Priest.

Now the English church had gained a second St. Austin, for I think none was so like him before his conversion; none so like St. Ambrose after it; and if his youth had the infirmities of the one, his age had the excellencies of the other, the learning and holiness of both.

And now all his studies, which had been occasionally diffused, were all concentred in divinity: now he had a new calling, new thoughts, and a new employment for his wit and eloquence: now all his earthly affections were changed into divine love, and all the faculties of his own soul were engaged in the conversion of others, in preaching the glad tidings of remission to repenting sinners, and peace to each troubled soul: to these he applied himself with all

care and diligence: and now such a change was wrought in him, that he could say with David, "Oh! "how amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord God of "hosts!" Now he declared openly, that when he required a temporal, God gave him a spiritual blessing; and that he was now gladder to be a doorkeeper in the house of God than he could be to enjoy the noblest of all temporal employments.

Presently after he entered into his holy profession the King sent for him, and made him his chaplain in ordinary, and promised to take a particular care for his preferment.

And though his long familiarity with scholars, and persons of greatest quality, was such as might have given some men boldness enough to have preached to any eminent auditory, yet his modesty in this employment was such, that he could not be persuaded to it, but went usually accompanied with some one friend, to preach privately in some village not far from London, his first sermon being preached at Paddington: this he did till his Majesty sent and appointed him a day to preach to him at Whitehall, and though much were expected from him, both by his Majesty and others, yet he was so happy, which few are, as to satisfy and exceed their expectations, preaching the word so as shewed his own heart was possessed with those very thoughts and joys that he laboured to instill into others: a preacher in earnest, weeping sometimes for

his auditory, sometimes with them; always preaching to himself, like an angel from a cloud, but in none; carrying some, as St. Paul was, to heaven in holy raptures, and enticing others by a sacred art and courtship to amend their lives; here picturing a vice so as to make it ugly to those that practised it, and a virtue so as to make it be beloved even by those that loved it not; and all this with a most particular grace and an inexpressible addition of comeliness.

There may be some that may incline to think (such indeed as have not heard him) that my affection to my friend hath transported me to an immoderate commendation of his preaching: if this meets with any such, let me entreat, though I will omit many, yet that they will receive a double witness for what I say, it being attested by a gentleman of worth, (Mr. Chidley, a frequent hearer of his sermons) being part of a funeral eulogy writ by him on Dr. Donne, and a known truth, though it be in verse.

---- Each altar had his fire----
He kept his loves, but not his objects; wit
He did not banish, but transplanted it!
Taught it his place and use, and brought it home
To piety, which it doth best become.----
Tell me, had ever pleasure such a dress?
Have you known crimes so shap'd? or loveliness
Such as his lips did clothe religion in?
Had not reproof a beauty passing sin?

... Nature sorrow'd when she stood
Be near the danger of becoming good,
And wish'd out to inconstant ears exempt
From piety that had such pow'r to tempt,
Did not his sacred flattery beguile
Man to amend?——

More of this, and more witnesses, might be brought: but I forbear, and return.

That summer, in the very same month in which he entered into sacred orders, and was made the King's chaplain, his Majesty then going his progress, was entreated to receive an entertainment in the university of Cambridge; and Mr. Donne attending his Majesty at that time, his Majesty was pleased to recommend him to the university, to be made Doctor in Divinity. Dr. Harsnet (after Archbishop of York) was then ice-Chancellor, who knowing him to be the author that learned book, the Pseudo-Martyr, required no er proof of his abilities, but proposed it to the uni-ity, who presently assented, and expressed a glad-that they had such an occasion to entitle him to irs.

abilities and industry in his profession were so , and he so known and so beloved by persons y, that within the first year of his entering d orders he had fourteen advowsons of seve-es presented to him; but they were in the d he could not leave his beloved London,

to which place he had a natural inclination, having received both his birth and education in it, and there contracted a friendship with many whose conversation multiplied the joys of his life; but an employment that might affix him to that place would be welcome, for he needed it.

Immediately after his return from Cambridge his wife died, leaving him a man of an unsettled estate, and (having buried five) the careful father of seven children then living, to whom he gave a voluntary assurance never to bring them under the subjection of a step-mother, which promise he kept most faithfully, burying with his tears all his earthly joys in his most dear and deserving wife's grave, betaking himself to a most retired and solitary life.

In this retiredness, which was often from the sight of his dearest friends, he became crucified to the world, and all those vanities, those imaginary pleasures, that are daily acted on that restless stage, and they crucified to him. Nor is it hard to think (seeing passions may be both changed and heightened by accidents) but that that abundant affection which once was betwixt him and her, who had long been the delight of his eyes, the companion of his youth; her with whom he had divided so many pleasant sorrows and contented fears, as common people are not capable of; she being now removed by death, a commeasurable grief took as full a possession of him as joy had

done; and so indeed it did; for now his very soul was elemented of nothing but sadness; now grief took so full a possession of his heart as to leave no place for joy; if it did, it was a joy to be alone, where, like a pelican in the wilderness, he might bemoan himself without witness or restraint, and pour forth his passions like Job in the days of his affliction, "Oh that I "might have the desire of my heart! oh that God "would grant the thing that I long for!" For then, as the grave is become her house, so I would hasten to make it mine also, "that we two might there make "our beds together in the dark." Thus, as the Israelites sat mourning by the rivers of Babylon, when they remembered Sion, so he gave some ease to his oppressed heart by thus venting his sorrows: thus he began the day and ended the night; ended the restless night and began the weary day in lamentations; and thus he continued till a consideration of his new engagements to God, and St. Paul's "Woe is unto me if I "preach not the gospel," dispersed those sad clouds that had now benighted his hopes, and forced him to behold the light.

His first motion from his house was to preach where his beloved wife lay buried, in St. Clement's church, near Temple-Bar, London; and his text was a part of the prophet Jeremy's Lamentation, "Lo, I am the "man that have seen affliction."

And indeed his very words and looks testified him

to be truly such a man; and they, with the addition of his sighs and tears, expressed in his sermon, did so work upon the affections of his hearers as melted and moulded them into a companionable sadness, and so they left the congregation: but then their houses presented them with objects of diversion, and his presented him with no diversions, but with fresh objects of sorrow, in beholding many helpless children, a narrow fortune, and a consideration of the many cares and casualties that attend their education.

In this time of sadness he was importuned by the grave benchers of Lincoln's-Inn, once the friends of his youth, to accept of their lecture, which, by reason of Dr. Gataker's removal from thence, was then void; of which he accepted, being most glad to renew his intermitted friendship with those whom he so much loved, and where he had been a Saul, though not to persecute Christianity, or to deride it, yet in his irregular youth to neglect the visible practice of it, there to become a Paul, and preach salvation to his beloved brethren.

And now his life was as a shining light among his old friends: now he gave an ocular testimony of the strictness and regularity of it: now he might say, as St. Paul adviseth his Corinthians, "Be ye followers "of me as I follow Christ, and walk as ye have me "for an example;" not the example of a busy-body, but of a contemplative, a harmless, an humble, and an holy life and conversation.

The love of that noble society was expressed to him many ways; for beside fair lodgings that were set apart and newly furnished for him with all necessaries, other courtesies were daily added; indeed so many, and so freely, as if they meant their gratitude should exceed his merits; and in this love-strife of desert and liberality they continued for the space of two years, he preaching faithfully and constantly to them, and they liberally requiting him. About which time the Emperor of Germany died, and the Palsgrave, who had lately married the Lady Elizabeth, the King's only daughter, was elected and crowned king of Bohemia, the unhappy beginning of many miseries in that nation.

King James, whose motto, *Beati Pacifici*, did truly speak the very thoughts of his heart, endeavoured first to prevent, and after to compose, the discords of that discomposed state; and, amongst other his endeavours, did then send the Lord Hay, Earl of Doncaster, his ambassador to those unsettled princes; and, by a special command from his Majesty, Dr. Donne was appointed to assist and attend that employment to the princes of the union; for which the Earl was most glad, who had always put a great value on him, and taken a great pleasure in his conversation and discourse; and his friends of Lincoln's-Inn were as glad; for they feared that his immoderate study, and sadness

for his wife's death, would, as Jacob said, ma
days few, and, respecting his bodily health, ev
and of this there were some visible signs.

At his going he left his friends of Lincoln
and they him, with many reluctations; for th
could not say, as St. Paul to his Ephesians, "
"you to whom I have preached the kingdo
"shall from henceforth see my face no more,
believing himself to be in a consumption, qu
and they feared it; all concluding that his
mind, with the help of his unintermitte
hastened the decays of his weak body. Go
to the best; for this employment (to say
the event of it) did not only divert him
too serious studies and sad thoughts, bu
give him a new life, by a true occasion of
eye-witness of the health of his most d
honoured mistress, the Queen of Bo
foreign nation, and to be a witness of
which she expressed to see him, who ha
known him a courtier, was much joy
in a canonical habit, and more glad
witness of his excellent and powerful
About fourteen months after his d
England he returned to his friends o
with his sorrows moderated, and his h
and there betook himself to his co
preaching.

About a year after his return out of Germany Dr. Cary was made Bishop of Exeter, and by his removal the Deanery of St. Paul's being vacant, the King sent to Dr. Donne, and appointed him to attend him at dinner the next day. When his Majesty was sate down, before he had ate any meat, he said, after his pleasant manner, "Dr. Donne, I have invited you to dinner; "and though you sit not down with me, yet I will "carve to you of a dish that I know you love well; "for knowing you love London, I do therefore make "you Dean of Paul's; and when I have dined, then "do you take your beloved dish home to your study; "say grace there to yourself, and much good may it "do you."

Immediately after he came to his deanery he employed workmen to repair and beautify the chapel, suffering, as holy David once vowed, his eyes and temples to take no rest till he had first beautified the house of God.

The next quarter following, when his father-in-law, Sir George Moor (whom time had made a lover and admirer of him) came to pay to him the conditioned sum of twenty pounds, he refused to receive it, and said, as good Jacob did, when he heard his beloved son Joseph was alive, "It is enough;" you have been kind to me and mine: I know your present condition is such as not to abound; and I hope mine is or will be such as not to need it: I will therefore receive no

more from you upon that contract; and, in testimony of it, freely gave him up his bond.

Immediately after his admission into his deanery the vicarage of St. Dunstan-in-the-West, London, fell to him by the death of Dr. White, the advowson of it having been given to him long before by his honourable friend, Richard Earl of Dorset, then the patron, and confirmed by his brother, the late deceased Edward, both of them men of much honour.

By these, and another ecclesiastical endowment, which fell to him about the same time, given to him formerly by the Earl of Kent, he was enabled to become charitable to the poor, and kind to his friends, and to make such provision for his children, that they were not left scandalous, as relating to their or his profession and quality.

The next parliament, which was within that present year, he was chosen Prolocutor to the Convocation, and about that time was appointed by his Majesty, his most gracious master, to preach very many occasional sermons, as at St. Paul's Cross, and other places; all which employments he performed to the admiration of the representative body of the whole clergy of this nation.

He was once, and but once, clouded with the King's displeasure, and it was about this time, which was occasioned by some malicious whisperer, who had told his Majesty that Dr. Donne had put on the general

humour of the pulpits, and was become busy in insinuating a fear of the King's inclining to Popery, and a dislike of his government; and particularly for his then turning the evening lectures into catechising, and expounding the Prayer of our Lord, and of the Belief and Commandments. His Majesty was the more inclinable to believe this, for that a person of nobility and great note, betwixt whom and Dr. Donne there had been a great friendship, was at this very time discarded the court, (I shall forbear his name, unless I had a fairer occasion) and justly committed to prison, which begot many rumours in the common people, who in this nation think they are not wise unless they be busy about what they understand not, and especially about religion.

The King received this news with so much discontent and restlessness, that he would not suffer the sun to set and leave him under this doubt, but sent for Dr. Donne, and required his answer to the accusation, which was so clear and satisfactory, that the King said "he was right glad he rested no longer under the sus-"picion." When the King had said this, Dr. Donne kneeled down and thanked his Majesty, and protested his answer was faithful and free from all collusion, and therefore desired that he might not rise till, as in like cases he always had from God, so he might have from his Majesty, some assurance that he stood clear and fair in his opinion. Then the King raised him from

is knees with his own hands, and protested he be-
ieved him; and that he knew he was an honest man,
nd doubted not but that he loved him truly: and hav-
ng thus dismissed him, he called some lords of his
ouncil into his chamber, and said, with much ear-
estness, "My Doctor is an honest man; and, my
Lords, I was never better satisfied with an answer
than he hath now made me; and I always rejoice
when I think that by my means he became a di-
vine."

He was made Dean the fiftieth year of his age, and
n his fifty-fourth year a dangerous sickness seized
im, which inclined him to a consumption; but God,
s Job thankfully acknowledged, preserved his spirit
nd kept his intellectuals as clear and perfect as wh
hat sickness first seized his body: but it conti
ng, and threatened him with death, which he
d not.

In this distemper of body his dear friend Dr. I
ing, then chief residentiary of that church, a
ishop of Chichester, a man generally know
ergy of this nation, and as generally not
bliging nature, visited him daily; and obse
is sickness rendered his recovery doubtfu
seasonable time to speak to him to this
"Mr. Dean, I am, by your favour, n
your temporal estate, and you are

" the best prebends corps belonging to our church;
" and you know it was denied, for that our tenant,
" being very rich, offered to fine at so low a rate as
" held not proportion with his advantages; but I will
" either raise him to an higher sum, or procure that
" the other residentiaries shall join to accept of what
" was offered: one of these I can and will, by your fa-
" vour, do without delay, and without any trouble
" either to your body or mind: I beseech you to ac-
" cept of my offer, for I know it will be a consider-
" able addition to your present estate, which I know
" needs it."

To this, after a short pause, and raising himself upon his bed, he made this reply.

" My most dear friend! I most humbly thank you
" for your many favours, and this in particular; but
" in my present condition I shall not accept of your
" proposal, for, doubtless, there is such a sin as sacri-
" lege; if there were not, it could not have a name
" in Scripture; and the primitive clergy were watch-
" ful against all appearances of that evil; and, indeed,
" then all Christians looked upon it with horror and
" detestation, judging it to be even an open defiance
" of the power and providence of almighty God, and
" a sad presage of a declining religion. But instead of
" such Christians, who had selected times set apart to
" fast and pray to God for a pious clergy, which they
" then did obey, our times abound with men that are

" busy and litigious about trifles and church ceremo-
" nies, and yet so far from scrupling sacrilege, that
" they make not so much as a quere what it is; but I
" thank God I have; and dare not now upon my sick
" bed, when almighty God hath made me useless to
" service of the church, make any advantages out of
" it: but if he shall again restore me to such a degree
" of health as again to serve at his altar, I shall then
" gladly take the reward which the bountiful bene-
" factors of this church have designed me; for, God
" knows, my children and relations will need it; in
" which number my mother (whose credulity and
" charity has contracted a very plentiful to a very nar-
" row estate) must not be forgotten. But, Dr. King,
" if I recover not, that little worldly estate that I shall
" leave behind me (that very little, when divided into
" eight parts) must, if you deny me not so charitable
" a favour, fall into your hands, as my most faithful
" friend and executor, of whose care and justice I make
" no more doubt than of God's blessing on that which
" I have conscientiously collected for them; but it
" shall not be augmented on my sick bed; and this I
" declare to be my unalterable resolution."

The reply to this was only a promise to observe his request.

Within a few days his distempers abated; and as his strength increased, so did his thankfulness to almighty God, testified in his most excellent book of Devotions

which he published at his recovery; in which the reader may see the most secret thoughts that then possessed his soul paraphrased and made public; a book that may not unfitly be called a Sacred Picture of Spiritual Ecstacies, occasioned and applicable to the emergencies of that sickness: which book, being a composition of meditations, disquisitions, and prayers, he writ on his sick-bed, herein imitating the holy patriarchs, who were wont to build their altars in that place where they had received their blessings.

This sickness brought him so near to the gates of death, and he saw the grave so ready to devour him, that he would often say his recovery was supernatural; but that God that then restored his health continued it to him till the fifty-ninth year of his life; and then, in August, 1630, being with his eldest daughter, Mrs. Harvey, at Aburyhatch, in Essex, he there fell into a fever, which, with the help of his constant infirmity, (vapours from the spleen) hastened him into so visible a consumption, that his beholders might say, as St. Paul of himself, "He dies daily;" and he might say, with Job, "My welfare passeth away as a cloud; the "days of my affliction have taken hold of me, and "weary nights are appointed for me."

Reader, this sickness continued long, not only weakening but wearying him so much, that my desire is he may now take some rest; and that, before I speak of his death, thou wilt not think it an impertí-

nent digression to look back with me upon some observations of his life, which, whilst a gentle slumber gives rest to his spirits, may, I hope, not unfitly exercise thy consideration.

His marriage was the remarkable error of his life, an error which, though he had a wit able and very apt to maintain paradoxes, yet he was very far from justifying it; and though his wife's competent years, and other reasons, might be justly urged to moderate severe censures, yet he would occasionally condemn himself for it: and doubtless it had been attended with an heavy repentance, if God had not blessed them with so mutual and cordial affections as, in the midst of their sufferings, made their bread of sorrow taste more pleasantly than the banquets of dull and low-spirited people.

The recreations of his youth were poetry, in which he was so happy as if Nature, and all her varieties, had been made only to exercise his sharp wit and high fancy; and in those pieces, which were facetiously composed, and carelessly scattered (most of them being written before the twentieth year of his age) it may appear, by his choice metaphors, that both Nature and all the arts joined to assist him with their utmost skill.

It is a truth that, in his penitential years, viewing some of those pieces too loosely scattered in his youth, he wished they had been abortive, or so short lived

that his own eyes had witnessed their funerals; b
though he was no friend to them, he was not so falle
out with heavenly poetry as to forsake that; no, no
in his declining age, witnessed them by many Divine
Sonnets, and other high, holy, and harmonious com-
posures. Yea, even on his former sick-bed he wrote
an Hymn to God the Father, expressing the great joy
that then possessed his soul in the assurance of God's
favour to him.

I have the rather mentioned this Hymn, for that he caused it to be set to a most grave and solemn tune, and to be often sung to the organ by the choristers of St. Paul's church, in his own hearing, especially at the evening service; and at his return from his customary devotions in that place did occasionally say to a friend, "The words of this Hymn have restored to "me the same thoughts of joy that possessed my soul "in my sickness when I composed it;" and "O the "power of church music! that harmony added to it "has raised the affections of my heart, and quickened "my graces of zeal and gratitude; and I observe "that I always return from paying this public duty of "prayer and praise to God with an inexpressible tran-"quillity of mind, and a willingness to leave the "world."

After this manner did the disciples of our Saviour, after the best of Christians in those ages of the church

nearest to his time, offer their praises to almighty God: and the reader of St. Augustine's life may there find, that towards his dissolution he wept abundantly that the enemies of Christianity had broke in upon them, and profaned and ruined their sanctuaries, and because their public hymns and lauds were lost out of their churches. And after this manner have many devout souls lifted up their hands, and offered acceptable sacrifices unto almighty God where Dr. Donne offered his.

Before I proceed further, I think fit to inform the reader, that not long before his death he caused to be drawn a figure of the body of Christ extended upon an anchor, like those which painters draw when they would present us with the picture of Christ crucified on the cross, his varying no otherwise than to affix him to an anchor (the emblem of hope): this he caused to be drawn in little, and then many of those figures, thus drawn, to be engraven very small in helitropian stones, and set in gold; and of these he sent to many of his dearest friends, to be used as seals or rings, and kept as memorials of him, and of his affection to them.

His dear friends and benefactors, Sir Henry Goodier and Sir Robert Drewry, could not be of that number; nor could the Lady Magdalen Herbert, the mother of George Herbert, for they had put off mortality, and

taken possession of the grave before him; but Sir Henry Wotton and Dr. Hall, the then (late deceased) Bishop of Norwich, were; and so were Dr. Duppa, Bishop of Salisbury, and Dr. Henry King, Bishop of Chichester, lately deceased, men in whom there was such a commixture of general learning, of natural eloquence, and Christian humility, that they deserve a commemoration by a pen equal to their own, which none hath exceeded.

And in this enumeration of his friends, tho' many must be omitted, yet that man of primitive piety, Mr. George Herbert, may not; I mean that George Herbert who was the author of The Temple; or, Sacred Poems and Ejaculations; a book in which, by declaring his own spiritual conflicts, he hath comforted and raised many a dejected and discomposed soul, and charmed them into sweet and quiet thoughts; a book, by the frequent reading whereof, and the assistance of that Spirit that seemed to inspire the author, the reader may attain habits of peace and piety, and all the gifts of the Holy Ghost and heaven; and may, by still reading, still keep those sacred fires burning upon the altar of so pure an heart as shall free it from the anxieties of this world, and keep it fixed upon things that are above. Betwixt him and Dr. Donne there was a long and dear friendship, made up by such a sympathy of inclinations, that they coveted and joyed to be in each

other's company; and this happy friendship was still maintained by many sacred endearments.

The latter part of his life may be said to be a continued study; for as he usually preached once a-week, if not oftener, so after his sermon he never gave his eyes rest till he had chosen out a new text, and that night cast his sermon into a form, and his text into divisions, and the next day betook himself to consult the Fathers, and so commit his meditations to his memory, which was excellent. But upon Saturday he usually gave himself and his mind a rest from the weary burthen of his week's meditations, and usually spent that day in visitation of friends, or some other diversions of his thoughts, and would say, that he gave both his body and mind that refreshment, that he might be enabled to do the work of the day following, not faintly, but with courage and cheerfulness.

Nor was his age only so industrious, but in the most unsettled days of his youth his bed was not able to detain him beyond the hour of four in a morning; and it was no common business that drew him out of his chamber till past ten. All which time was employed in study; though he took great liberty after it: and if this seem strange, it may gain a belief by the visible fruits of his labours, some of which remain as testimonies of what is here written; for he left the resultance of 1400 authors, most of them abridged and analyzed

with his own hand; he left also sixscore of his sermons, all written with his own hand; also an exact and laborious treatise concerning self-murther, called Biathanatos, wherein all the laws violated by that act are diligently surveyed and judiciously censured: a treatise written in his younger days, which alone might declare him then not only perfect in the Civil and Canon law, but in many other such studies and arguments as enter not into the consideration of many that labour to be thought great clerks, and pretend to know all things.

Nor were these only found in his study, but all businesses that passed of any public consequence, either in this or any of our neighbour nations, he abbreviated either in Latin, or in the language of that nation, and kept them by him for useful memorials; so he did the copies of divers letters and cases of conscience that had concerned his friends, with his observations and solutions of them, and divers other businesses of importance, all particularly and methodically digested by himself.

He did prepare to leave the world before life left him, making his will when no faculty of his soul was damped or made defective by pain or sickness, or he surprised by a sudden apprehension of death: but it was made with mature deliberation, expressing himself an impartial father, by making his children's portions equal, and a lover of his friends, whom he re-

membered with legacies fitly and discreetly chosen and bequeathed. I cannot forbear a nomination of some of them; for methinks they be persons that seem to challenge a recordation in this place; as, namely, to his brother-in-law, Sir Tho. Grimes, he gave that striking clock which he had long worn in his pocket;---to his dear friend and executor, Dr. King, late Bishop of Chichester, that model of gold of the synod of Dort, with which the States presented him at his last being at the Hague---and the two pictures of Padre Paulo and Fulgentio, men of his acquaintance when he travelled Italy, and of great note in that nation for their remarkable learning:------to his ancient friend Dr. Brook, that married him, Master of Trinity College in Cambridge, he gave the picture of the blessed Virgin and Joseph:------to Dr. Winniff, who succeeded him in the deanery, he gave a picture called the skeleton:------to the succeeding Dean, who was not then known, he gave many necessaries of worth, and useful for his house, and also several pictures and ornaments for the chapel, with a desire that they might be registered, and remain as a legacy to his successors:---to the Earls of Dorset and of Carlisle he gave several pictures, and so he did to many other friends; legacies given rather to express his affection than to make any addition to their estates: but unto the poor he was full of charity, and unto many others who,

by his constant and long-continued bounty, might entitle themselves to be his alms-people; for all these he made provision, and so largely, as, having then six children living, might to some appear more than proportionable to his estate. I forbear to mention any more, lest the reader may think I trespass upon his patience; but I will beg his favour to present him with the beginning and end of his will.

" In the name of the blessed and glorious Trinity, " Amen. I John Donne, by the mercy of Christ Jesus, " and by the calling of the Church of England, Priest, " being at this time in good health and perfect under- " standing, (praised be God therefore) do hereby " make my last will and testament in manner and " form following:

" First, I give my gracious God an entire sacrifice " of body and soul, with my most humble thanks for " that assurance which his blessed Spirit imprints in " me now of the salvation of the one, and the resur- " rection of the other; and for that constant and cheer- " ful resolution which the same Spirit hath establish- " ed in me to live and die in the religion now professed " in the Church of England: in expectation of that " resurrection, I desire my body may be buried (in " the most private manner that may be) in that place " of St. Paul's church, London, that the now resi- " dentiaries have, at my request, designed for that pur-

"pose, &c. And this my last will and testament, "made in the fear of God, (whose mercy I humbly "beg, and constantly rely upon in Jesus Christ) and "in perfect love and charity with all the world, (whose "pardon I ask, from the lowest of my servants to the "highest of my superiors) written all with my own "hand, and my name subscribed to every page, of "which there are five in number."

Sealed Decem. 13, 1630.

Nor was this blessed sacrifice of charity expressed only at his death, but in his life also, by a cheerful and frequent visitation of any friend whose mind was dejected, or his fortune necessitous. He was inquisitive after the wants of prisoners, and redeemed many from thence that lay for their fees or small debts: he was a continual giver to poor scholars, both of this and foreign nations. Besides what he gave with his own hand, he usually sent a servant, or a discreet and trusty friend, to distribute his charity to all the prisons in London at all the festival times of the year, especially at the birth and resurrection of our Saviour. He gave an hundred pounds at one time to an old friend, whom he had known live plentifully, and by a too liberal heart and carelessness became decayed in his estate; and when the receiving of it was denied, by the gentleman's saying he wanted not; for as there be some spirits so generous as to labour to conceal and

endure want and poverty rather than those blushes that attend the confession of it, so there be others to whom nature and grace have afforded such sweet and compassionate souls, as to pity and prevent the distresses of mankind; which I have mentioned, because of Dr. Donne's reply, whose answer was, "I know you want "not what will sustain nature; for a little will do that; "but my desire is that you, who in the days of your "plenty have cheered and raised the hearts of so many "of your dejected friends, would now receive this "from me, and use it as a cordial for the cheering of "your own;" and so it was received. He was an happy reconciler of many differences in the families of his friends and kindred, (which he never undertook faintly, for such undertakings have usually faint effects) and they had such a faith in his judgment and impartiality, that he never advised them to any thing in vain. He was, even to her death, a most dutiful son to his mother, careful to provide for her supportation, of which she had been destitute, but that God raised him up to prevent her necessities, who having sucked in the religion of the Roman church with her mother's milk, spent her estate in foreign countries to enjoy a liberty in it, and died in his house but three months before him.

And to the end it may appear how just a steward he was of his Lord and Master's revenue, I have thought

fit to let the reader know, that after his entrance into his deanery, as he numbered his years, he (at the foot of a private account, to which God and his angels were only witnesses with him) computed first his revenue, then what was given to the poor and other pious uses; and, lastly, what rested for him and his: he then blessed each year's poor remainder with a thankful prayer.

But I return from my long digression. We left the Author sick in Essex, where he was forced to spend much of that winter, by reason of his disability to remove from that place; and having never, for almost twenty years, omitted his personal attendance on his Majesty in that month in which he was to attend and preach to him, nor having ever been left out of the roll and number of Lent-preachers; and there being then (in January, 1630) a report brought to London, or raised there, that Dr. Donne was dead, that report gave him occasion to write this following letter to a dear friend.

"SIR,

"This advantage you and my other friends have by "my frequent fevers, that I am so much the oftener "at the gates of heaven; and this advantage by the "solitude and close imprisonment that they reduce "me to after, that I am so much the oftener at my "prayers, in which I shall never leave out your hap-"piness; and I doubt not, among his other blessings,

"God will add some one to you for my prayers. A "man would almost be content to die (if there were "no other benefit in death) to hear of so much sor- "row, and so much good testimony from good men "as I (God be blessed for it) did upon the report of "my death; yet I perceive it went not through all; "for one writ to me that some (and he said of my "friends) conceived I was not so ill as I pretended, "but withdrew myself to live at ease, discharged of "preaching. It is an unfriendly, and, God knows, "an ill-grounded interpretation; for I have always "been sorrier when I could not preach than any could "be they could not hear me. It hath been my desire, "and God may be pleased to grant it, that I might "die in the pulpit; if not that, yet that I might take "my death in the pulpit, that is, die the sooner by "occasion of those labours. Sir, I hope to see you "presently after Candlemas, about which time will "fall my Lent-sermon at court, except my Lord "Chamberlain believe me to be dead, and so leave me "out of the roll; but as long as I live, and am not "speechless, I would not willingly decline that ser- "vice. I have better leisure to write than you to read, "yet I would not willingly oppress you with too much "letter. God bless you and your son, as I wish.

"Your poor friend and servant in Christ Jesus,

"J. DONNE."

"its centre, and measure out an hour of this dying "man's unspent life?" Doubtless it cannot; and yet, after some faint pauses in his zealous prayer, his strong desires enabled his weak body to discharge his memory of his preconceived meditations, which were of dying, the text being, "To God the Lord belong the issues "from death;" many that then saw his tears, and heard his faint and hollow voice, professing they thought the text prophetically chosen, and that Dr. Donne had preached his own funeral sermon.

Being full of joy that God had enabled him to perform this desired duty, he hastened to his house, out of which he never moved, till, like St. Stephen, he was carried by devout men to his grave.

The next day after his sermon, his strength being much wasted, and his spirits so spent as indisposed him to business or to talk, a friend that had often been a witness of his free and facetious discourse, asked him, Why are you sad? to whom he replied, with a countenance so full of cheerful gravity as gave testimony of an inward tranquillity of mind, and of a soul willing to take a farewell of this world, and said,

"I am not sad, but most of the night past I have "entertained myself with many thoughts of several "friends that have left me here, and are gone to that "place from which they shall not return; and that "within a few days I also shall go hence, and be no "more seen; and my preparation for this change is

" become my nightly meditation upon my bed, which
" my infirmities have now made restless to me: but
" at this present time I was in a serious contemplation
" of the providence and goodness of God to me, who
" am less than the least of his mercies; and looking
" back upon my life past, I now plainly see it was his
" hand that prevented me from all temporal employ-
" ment, and it was his will that I should never settle
" nor thrive till I entered into the ministry; in which
" I have now lived almost twenty years, (I hope to his
" glory) and by which, I most humbly thank him, I
" have been enabled to requite most of those friends
" which shewed me kindness when my fortune was
" very low, as God knows it was; and (as it hath oc-
" casioned the expression of my gratitude) I thank
" God most of them have stood in need of my requital.
" I have lived to be useful and comfortable to my good
" father-in-law Sir George Moor, whose patience God
" hath been pleased to exercise with many temporal
" crosses; I have maintained my own mother, whom
" it hath pleased God, after a plentiful fortune in her
" younger days, to bring to a great decay in her very
" old age; I have quieted the consciences of many
" that have groaned under the burthen of a wounded
" spirit, whose prayers I hope are available for me. I
" cannot plead innocency of life, especially of my
" youth; but I am to be judged by a merciful God,
" who is not willing to see what I have done amiss;

'and though of myself I have nothing to present to 'him but sins and misery, yet I know he looks not 'upon me now as I am of myself, but as I am in my 'Saviour, and hath given me, even at this time, some 'testimones by his holy Spirit, that I am of the num-'ber of his elect: I am therefore full of joy, and shall 'die in peace."

I must here look so far back as to tell the reader that at his first return out of Essex to preach his last sermon, his old friend and physician, Dr. Fox, a man of great worth, came to him to consult his health; and that after a sight of him, and some queries concerning his distempers, he told him, "That by cordials and drinking milk twenty days together, there 'was a probability of his restoration to health;" but he passionately denied to drink it. Nevertheless Dr. Fox, who loved him most entirely, wearied him with solicitations, till he yielded to take it for ten days; at the end of which time he told Dr. Fox, "he had 'drunk it more to satisfy him than to recover his 'health; and that he would not drink it ten days 'longer upon the best moral assurance of having 'twenty years added to his life, for he loved it not; 'and that he was so far from fearing death, which is 'the king of terrors, that he longed for the day of his 'dissolution."

It is observed, that a desire of glory or commenda-

such weeds as naturally grow there, y
been able to kill this desire of glory; b
radical heat, it will both live and di
many think it should do so; and we
examples to justify the desire of hav
to outlive our lives, which I menti
Donne, by the persuasion of Dr. Fox
at this very time, to have a monumen
but Dr. Fox undertook not to persuad
should be; that was left to Dr. Donne

This being resolved upon, Dr. D
carver to make for him in wood the fi
giving him directions for the compas
it, and to bring with it a board of th
body: these being got, then, without
painter was to be in readiness to dr
which was taken as followeth---Seve
being first made in his large study, l

the sheet turned aside as might shew his lean, pale, and death-like face, which was purposely turned toward the east, from whence he expected the second coming of his and our Saviour. Thus he was drawn at his just height; and when the picture was fully finished, he caused it to be set by his bed-side, where it continued, and became his hourly object till his death, and was then given to his dearest friend and executor, Dr. King, who caused him to be thus carved in one entire piece of white marble, as it now stands in the cathedral church of St. Paul's; and by Dr. Donne's own appointment these words were to be affixed to it as his epitaph:

JOHANNES DONNE,
Sac. Theol. Professor,
Post varia studia quibus ab annis tenerrimis
fideliter, nec infeliciter incubuit;
Instinctu et impulsu Sp. Sancti, monitu et hortatu
Regis Jacobi, Ordines Sacros amplexus
Anno sui Jesu 1614; et suæ ætatis 42.
Decanatu hujus Ecclesiæ indutus 27 Novembris 1621.
Exutus morte ultimo die Martii 1631.
Hic licet in occiduo cinere aspicit Eum
Cujus nomen est Oriens.

Upon Monday following he took his last leave of his beloved study, and, being sensible of his hourly

decay, retired himself to his bed-chamber; and that week sent at several times for many of his most considerable friends, with whom he took a solemn and deliberate farewell, commending to their considerations some sentences useful for the regulations of their lives, and then dismissed them, as good Jacob did his sons, with a spiritual benediction. The Sunday following he appointed his servants, that if there were any business undone that concerned him or themselves, it should be prepared against Saturday next; for after that day he would not mix his thoughts with any thing that concerned this world, nor ever did; but as Job, so he "waited for the appointed time of "his dissolution."

And now he had nothing to do but to die; to do which he stood in need of no longer time, for he had studied it long, and to so happy a perfection, that in a former sickness he called God to witness he was that minute ready to deliver his soul into his hands, if that minute God would determine his dissolution.* In that sickness he begged of God the constancy to be preserved in that estate for ever; and his patient expectation to have his immortal soul disrobed from her garment of mortality, makes me confident he now had a modest assurance that his prayers were then heard, and his petition granted. He lay fifteen days earnestly

* In his book of Devotions.

expecting his hourly change; and in the last hour of his last day, as his body melted away and vapoured into spirit, his soul having, I verily believe, some revelation of the beatifical vision, he said, "I were "miserable if I might not die;" and after those words closed many periods of his faint breath by saying often, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done." His speech, which had long been his ready and faithful servant, left him not till the last minute of his life, and then forsook him, not to serve another master, but died before him; for that it was become useless to him that now conversed with God on earth, as angels are said to do in heaven, only by thoughts and looks. Being speechless, he did, as St. Stephen, "look sted-"fastly towards heaven, till he saw the Son of God "standing at the right hand of his father:" and being satisfied with this blessed sight, as his soul ascended, and his last breath departed from him, he closed his own eyes; and then disposed his hands and body into such a posture as required not the least alteration by those that came to shroud him.

Thus variable, thus virtuous, was the life; thus excellent, thus exemplary, was the death, of this memorable man.

He was buried in that place of St. Paul's church which he had appointed for that use some years before his death, and by which he passed daily to pay his

public devotions to Almighty God; (who was then served twice a-day by a public form of prayer and praises in that place) but he was not buried privately, though he desired it; for beside an unnumbered number of others, many persons of nobility, and of eminency for learning, who did love and honour him in his life, did shew it at his death, by a voluntary and sad attendance of his body to the grave, where nothing was so remarkable as a public sorrow.

To which place of his burial some mournful friends repaired, and, as Alexander the Great did to the grave of the famous Achilles, so they strewed his with an abundance of curious and costly flowers; which course they (who were never yet known) continued morning and evening for many days, not ceasing till the stones that were taken up in that church to give his body admission into the cold earth (now his bed of rest) were again, by the mason's art, so levelled and firmed as they had been formerly, and his place of burial undistinguishable to common view.

Nor was this all the honour done to his reverend ashes; for as there be some persons that will not receive a reward for that for which God accounts himself a debtor: persons that dare trust God with their charity, and without a witness; so there was, by some grateful unknown friend, that thought Dr. Donne's memory ought to be perpetuated, an hundred marks

sent to his two faithful friends* and executors, towards the making of his monument. It was not for many years known by whom; but after the death of Dr. Fox it was known that it was he that sent it; and he lived to see as lively a representation of his dead friend as marble can express; a statue indeed so like Dr. Donne, that (as his friend, Sir Henry Wotton, hath expressed himself) it seems to breathe faintly, and posterity shall look upon it as a kind of artificial miracle.

He was of stature moderately tall, of a straight and equally proportioned body, to which all his words and actions gave an inexpressible addition of comeliness.

The melancholy and pleasant humour were in him so contempered, that each gave advantage to the other, and made his company one of the delights of mankind.

His fancy was inimitably high, equalled only by his great wit, both being made useful by a commanding judgment.

His aspect was cheerful, and such as gave a silent testimony of a clear knowing soul, and of a conscience at peace with itself.

His melting eye shewed that he had a soft heart, full of noble compassion; of too brave a soul to offer injuries, and too much a Christian not to pardon them in others.

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* Dr. King and Dr. Monfort.

He did much contemplate (especially after he entered into his sacred calling) the mercies of Almighty God, the immortality of the soul, and the joys of heaven; and would often say, "Blessed be God that "he is God divinely like himself."

He was by nature highly passionate, but more apt to reluct at the excesses of it; a great lover of the offices of humanity, and of so merciful a spirit, that he never beheld the miseries of mankind without pity and relief.

He was earnest and unwearied in the search of knowledge, with which his vigorous soul is now satisfied, and employed in a continual praise of that God that first breathed it into his active body; that body which once was a temple of the Holy Ghost, and is now become a small quantity of Christian dust:

But I shall see it reanimated.

J. W.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

WILLIAM LORD CRAVEN,

BARON OF HAMSTED-MARSHAM.

MY LORD,

MANY of these Poems have, for several impressions, wandered up and down, trusting (as well they might) upon the Author's reputation: neither do they now complain of any injury but what may proceed either from the kindness of the printer, or the courtesy of the reader; the one, by adding something too much, lest any spark of this sacred fire might perish undiscerned; the other, by putting such an estimation upon the wit and fancy they find here, that they are content to use it as their own; as if a man should dig out the stones of a royal amphitheatre to build a stage for a country show. Amongst all the monsters this unlucky age has teemed with, I find none so prodigious as the poets of these latter times, wherein men, as if they would level understandings too as well as estates, acknowledging no inequality of parts and judgments, pretend as indifferently to the chair of wit as to the pulpit, and conceive themselves no less inspired with the spirit of poetry than with that of religion: so it is not only the noise of drums and trumpets which have drowned the Muse's harmony, or the fear that the

church's ruin will destroy the priests likewise, t
now frightens them from this country, where th
have been so ingeniously received; but these rude p
tenders to excellencies they unjustly own, who, p
fanely rushing into Minerva's temple, with noiso
airs blast the laurel which thunder cannot hurt.
this sad condition these learned Sisters are fled ove
beg your Lordship's protection, who have been so c
tain a patron both to arts and arms, and who, in t
general confusion, have so entirely preserved y
honour, that in your Lordship we may still rea
most perfect character of what England was in all
pomp and greatness: so that although these poe
were formerly written upon several occasions to sev
persons, they now unite themselves, and are becc
one pyramid to set your Lordship's statue upon, wh
you may stand, like armed Apollo, the defender of
Muses, encouraging the poets now living to celeb
your great acts, by affording your countenance to
Poems that wanted only so noble a subject.

My Lord, your most humble servant,

JOHN DOI

RSES TO THE AUTHOR.

EXASTICHON BIBLIOPOLÆ.

in his last preach'd and printed book
cture in a sheet; in Paul's I look,
ee his statue in a sheet of stone,
ure his body in the grave hath one:
sheets present him dead; these if you buy
ave him living to eternity.

Jo. Mar.

CASTICHON AD BIBLIOPOLAM.

INCERTI.

y impression of Donne's Poems rare
is eternity thou hast ta'en care:
s well and pious; and for ever may
re: yet I shew thee a better way;
but his sermons, and if those we buy,
ve, and thou, shall live to eternity.

TO JOHN DONNE.

DONNE! the delight of Phœbus and each Muse,
Who to thy one all other brains refuse;
Whose ev'ry work of thy most early wit
Came forth example, and remain so yet;
Longer a-knowing than most wits do live,
And which no' affection praise enough can give;
To it thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a strife;
All which I mean to praise, and yet I would,
But leave because I cannot as I should.

BEN. JONSON.

TO JOHN DONNE.

WHO shall doubt, Donne! where I a poet be,
When I dare send my Epigrams to thee?
That so alone canst judge, so alone make,
And in thy censures evenly dost take
As free simplicity to disavow,
As thou hast best authority t' allow.
Read all I send; and if I find but one
Mark'd by thy hand, and with the better stone,

My title 's seal'd. Those that for claps do write,
Let punys', porters', players', praise delight,
And till they burst their backs like asses load:
A man should seek great glory and not broad.

BEN. JONSON.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY EVER-DESIRED FRIEND, DR. DONNE.

To have liv'd eminent, in a degree
Beyond our lofty'st flights, that is, like thee,
Or t' have had too much merit is not safe,
For such excesses find no epitaph.
At common graves we have poetique eyes
Can melt themselves in easy elegies;
Each quill can drop his tributary verse,
And pin it, like the hatchments, to the hearse;
But at thine, poem or inscription
(Rich soul of wit and language) we have none:
Indeed a silence does that tomb befit
Where is no herald left to blazon it.
Widow'd Invention justly doth forbear
To come abroad, knowing thou art not here,
Late her great patron, whose perogative
Maintain'd and cloath'd her so, as none alive
Must now presume to keep her at thy rate,
Tho' he the Indies for her dowry' estate:

Or else that awful fire which once did burn
In thy clear brain, now fall'n into thy urn,
Lives there to fright rude empyrics from thence,
Which might prophane thee by their ignorance.
Whoever writes of thee, and in a style,
Unworthy such a theme, does but revile
Thy precious dust, and wake a learned spirit,
Which may revenge his rapes upon thy merit;
For all a low-pitch'd fancy can devise
Will prove at best but hallow'd injuries.
Thou, like the dying swan, * didst lately sing
Thy mournful dirge in audience of the King,
When pale looks and faint accents of thy breath
Presented so to life that piece of death,
That it was fear'd and prophesy'd by all,
Thou thither cam'st to preach thy funeral.
O! hadst thou in an elegiac knell
Rung out unto the world thine own farewell,
And in thy high victorious numbers beat
The solemn measure of thy griev'd retreat,
Thou might'st the poet's service now have mist,
As well as then thou didst prevent the priest,
And never to the world beholden be
So much as for an epitaph for thee.
I do not like the office; nor is 't fit
Thou, who didst lend our age such sums of wit,

* His last Sermon at court.

Shouldst not re-borrow from her bankrupt mine,
That ore to bury thee which once was thine:
Rather still leave us in thy debt; and know,
(Exalted Soul!) more glory 'tis to owe
Unto thy hearse, what we can never pay,
Than with embased coin those rites defray.
Commit me then thee to thyself; nor blame
Our drooping loves, which thus to thy own fame
Leave thee executor, since but thy own
No pen could do thee justice, nor bays crown
Thy vast desert; save that we nothing can
Depute to be thy ashes' guardian.
So jewellers no art or metal trust
To form the diamond but the diamond's dust.

H. K.

IN OBITUM VENERABILIS VIRI

JOHANNIS DONNE,

Sacræ Theologiæ Doctoris, Ecclesiæ Cathedralis D. Paul; nuper Decani; illi honoris, tibi (multum mihi colende vir) observantiæ ergò hæc ego.

CONQUERAR? ignavoque sequar tua funera planctu?
Sed, lachrymæ, clausistis iter; nec muta querelas
Lingua potest proferre pias: ignoscite, manes
Defuncti, et tacito sinite indulgere dolori.

Sed scelus est tacuisse: cadant in mœsta lituræ
Verba. Tuis, (docta umbra) tuis hæc accipe justis
Cœpta, nec officii contemnens pignora nostri
Aversare tuâ non dignum laude poetam.
O si Pythagoræ non vanum dogma fuisset,
Inque meum à vestro migraret pectore pectus
Musa; repentinos tua nosceret urna furores.
Sed frustra, heu! frustra hæc votis puerilibus opto:
Tecum abiit, summoque sedens jam monte Thalia
Ridet anhelantes, Parnassi et culmina vates
Desperare jubet. Verùm hac nolente coactos
Scribimus audaces numeros, et flebile carmen
Scribimus (O soli qui te dilexit) habendum.
Siccine perpetuus liventia lumina somnus
Clausit? et immerito merguntur funere virtus
Et pietas, et quæ poterant fecisse beatum.
Cætera? sed nec te poterant servare beatum.
Quo mihi doctrinam? quorsum impallescere chartis
Nocturnis juvat, et totidem olfecisse lucernas?
Decolor et longos studiis deperdere soles,
Ut priùs, aggredior, longamque accessere famam.
Omnia sed frustra: mihi dum cunctisque minatur
Exitium crudele et inexorabile fatum.
Nam post te sperare nihil decet: hoc mihi restat,
Ut moriar, tenues fugiatque obscurus in auras
Spiritus: O doctis saltem si cognitus umbris
Illic te (venerande) iterum (venerande) videbo;
Et dulces audire sonos, et verba diserti

Oris, et æternas dabitur mihi carpere voces:
Queis ferus infernæ tacuisset janitor aulæ
Auditis, Nilusque minùs strepuisset; Arion
Cederet, et, sylvas qui post se traxerat, Orpheus.
Eloquio sic ille viros, sic ille movere
Voceseros potuit; quis enim tam barbarus? aut tam
Facundis nimis infestus, non motus ut illo
Hortante, et blando victus sermone sileret?
Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat;
Singula sic decuêre senem, sic omnia. Vidi,
Audivi, et stupui, quoties orator in Æde
Paulinâ stetit, et mirâ gravitate levantes
Corda oculosque viros tenuit: dum Nestoris ille
Fudit verba (omni quanto mage dulcia melle?)
Nunc habet attonitos, pandit mysteria plebi
Non concessa priùs, nondum intellecta: revolvunt
Mirantes, tacitique arrectis auribus astant.
Mutatis mox ille modo formâque loquendi
Tristia pertractat: fatumque et flebile mortis
Tempus, et in cineres redeunt quod corpora primos.
Tunc gemitum cunctos dare, tunc lugere videres;
Forsitan à lachrymis aliquis non temperat, atque
Ex oculis largum stillat rorem: ætheris illo
Sic pater audito voluit succumbere turbam,
Affectusque ciere suos, et ponere notæ
Vocis ad arbitrium; divinæ oracula mentis
Dum narrat, rostrisque potens dominatur in altis.
Quo feror? audaci et forsan pietate nocenti

In nimiâ ignoscas vati, qui vatibus olim
Egregium decus, et tanto excellentior unus,
Omnibus inferior quanto est et pessimus impar
Laudibus hisce, tibi qui nunc facit ista, poëta
Et quo nos canimus? cui hæc tibi sacra? poëtæ,
Desinite: en fati certus sibi voce canorâ
Inferias præmisit olor, cum Carolus Albâ
(Ultima volventem et cygnæâ voce loquentem)
Nuper eum, turba et magnatum audiret in Aulâ.
Tunc Rex, tunc Proceres, Clerus, tunc astitit illi
Aula frequens. Solâ nunc in tellure recumbit,
Vermibus esca, pio malint nisi parcere: quidni
Incipiant et amare famen? Metuêre lepores
Sic olim; sacrosque artus violare Prophetæ
Bellua non ausa est, quanquam jejuna, sitimque
Optaret nimis humano satiare cruore.
At non hæc de te sperabimus; omina carpit
Prædator vermis: nec talis contigit illi
Præda diu; forsan metrico pede serpet ab inde.
Vescere, ex exhausto satia te sanguine. Jam nos
Adsumus; et post te cupiet quis vivere? post te
Quis volet, aut poterit? nam post te vivere mors est.
Et tamen ingratas ignavi ducimus auras;
Sustinet et tibi lingua vale, vale dicere? parce
Non festinanti æternùm requiescre turbæ.
Ipsa satis properat, quæ nescit parca morari,
Nunc urgere colum, trahere atque occare videmus,
Quin rursus (Venerande) Vale, vale: ordine nos te,
Quo Deus et quo dura volet Natura, sequemur.

Depositum interea lapides, servate fideles.
Fœlices! illà quies Ædis parte locari,
Quâ jacet iste, datur. Forsan lapis inde loquetur,
Parturietque viro plenus testantia luctus
Verba; et carminibus, quæ Dönni suggeret illi
Spiritus, insolitos testari voce calores
Incipiet: (non sic Pyrrhà jactante calebat.)
Mole sub hac tegitur, quicquid mortale relictum est
De tanto mortale viro. Qui præfuit Ædi huic,
Formosi pecoris pastor formosior ipse.
Ite igitur, dignisque illum celebrate loquelis,
Et, quæ demuntur vitæ, date tempora famæ.
Indignus tantorum meritorum præco, virtutum
tuarum cultor religiosissimus,

DANIEL DARNELLY.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. DONNE.

I CANNOT blame those men that knew thee well,
Yet dare not help the world to ring thy knell
In tuneful elegies; there's not language known
Fit for thy mention but 'twas first thy own.
The epitaphs thou writ'st have so bereft
Our tongue of wit, there is no fancy left
Enough to weep thee: what henceforth we see
Of art or nature must result from thee.

There may, perchance, some busy-gatheri
Steal from thy own Works, and that, vari
Which thou bestow'dst on others, to thy l
And so thou shalt live still in thine own v
He that shall venture farther may commit
A pity'd error; shew his zeal, not wit.
Fate hath done mankind wrong: virtue n
Reward of conscience, never can of Fame
Since her great trumpet 's broke, could on
Faith to the world, command it to believe.
He then must write, that would define thy
Here lies the best Divinity, all the Arts.

E

AN ELEGY UPON THE INCOMPARA

DR. DONNE.

All is not well when such a one as I
Dare peep abroad and write an elegy:
When smaller stars appear, and give thei
Phœbus is gone to bed. Were it not nigl
And the world witless now that Donne is
You sooner should have broke than seen
Dead! did I say? forgive this injury
I do him and his worth's infinity,

To say he is but dead; I dare aver,
It better may be term'd a massacre
Than sleep or death. See how the Muses mourn
Upon their oaten reeds! and from his urn
Threaten the world with this calamity,
They shall have ballads, but no poetry.
  Language lies speechless, and divinity
Lost such a trump as ev'n to ecstacy
Could charm the soul, and had an influence
To teach best judgments and please dullest sense.
The court, the church, the university,
Lost Chaplain, Dean, and Doctor, all these three.
It was his merit that his funeral
Could cause a loss so great and general.
  If there be any spirit can answer give,
Of such as hence depart to such as live,
Speak, doth his body there vermiculate,
Crumble to dust, and feel the laws of Fate?
Methinks corruption, worms, what else is foul,
Should spare the temple of so fair a soul.
I could believe they do, but that I know
What inconvenience might hereafter grow;
Succeeding ages would idolatrize,
And as his numbers so his reliques prize.
  If that philosopher, which did avow
The world to be but motes, were living now,
He would affirm that th' atoms of his mould,
Were they in several bodies blended, would

But, more matur'd, did his full soul conceive,
And in harmonious holy numbers weave
A Crown * of Sacred Sonnets, fit t' adorn
A dying martyr's brow, or to be worn
On that blest head of Mary Magdalen,
After she wip'd Christ's feet, but not till then?
Did he (fit for such penitents as she
And he to use) leave us a Litany
Which all devout men love? and sure it shall,
As times grow better, grow more classical.
Did he write hymns, for piety, for wit,
Equal to those great, grave Prudentius writ?
Spake he all languages? knew he all laws?
The grounds and use of physic? (but because
'Twas mercenary wav'd it) went to see
The blessed place of Christ's nativity?
Did he return and preach him? preach him so,
As since St. Paul none did, none could? those know,
Such as were blest to hear him, this is truth.
Did he confirm th' aged, convert the youth?
Did he these wonders? and is this dear loss
Mourn'd by so few? (few for so great a cross.)
But sure the silent are ambitious all
To be close mourners at his funeral:
If not, in common pity they forbear,
By repetitions, to renew our care;

* La Corona.

Or knowing grief conceiv'd, conceal'd, consumes
Man irreparably, (as poison'd fumes
Do waste the brain) make silence a safe way
T' enlarge the soul from these walls, mud and clay,
(Materials of this body) to remain
With Donne in heaven, where no promiscuous pain
Lessens the joy we have; for with him all
Are satisfy'd with joys essential.
Dwell on this joy, my thoughts: oh! do not call
Grief back by thinking of his funeral.
Forget he lov'd me; waste not my sad years,
(Which haste to David's seventy) fill'd with fears
And sorrow for his death; forget his parts,
Which find a living grave in good men's hearts;
And (for my first is daily paid for sin)
Forget to pay my second sigh for him;
Forget his powerful preaching, and forget
I am his convert. Oh! my frailty! let
My flesh be no more heard; it will obtrude,
This Lethargy; so should my gratitude,
My flows of gratitude should so be broke,
Which can no more be than Donne's virtues spoke
By any but himself; for which cause I
Write no encomium, but this elegy,
Which as a free-will off'ring I here give
Fame and the world; and, parting with it, grieve
I want abilities fit to set forth
A monument great as Donne's matchless worth.

ELEGY ON DR. DONNE.

Now, by one year, time and our frailty have
Lessen'd our first confusion, since the grave
Clos'd thy dear ashes, and the tears which flow
In these have no springs but of solid woe;
Or they are drops which cold amazement froze
At thy decease, and will not thaw in prose.
All streams of verse, which shall lament that day,
Do truly to the ocean tribute pay;
But they have lost their saltness, which the eye,
In recompence of wit, strives to reply.
Passion's excess for thee we need not fear,
Since first by thee our passions hallow'd were:
Thou mad'st our sorrows, which before had been,
Only for the success, sorrows for sin:
We owe thee all those tears, now thou art dead,
Which we shed not, which for ourselves we shed:
Nor didst thou only consecrate our tears,
Give a religious tincture to our fears,
But ev'n our joys had learn'd an innocence;
Thou didst from gladness separate offence.
All minds at once suck'd grace from thee, as where
(The curse revok'd) the nations had one ear.

Pious dissector, they one hour did treat
The thousand mazes of the heart's deceit:
Thou didst pursue our lov'd and subtile sin
Thro' all the foldings we have wrapt it in,
And in thine own large mind finding the way
By which ourselves we from ourselves convey,
Didst in us, narrow models, know the same
Angels, tho' darker, in our meaner frame.
How short of praise is this? My Muse, alas!
Climbs weakly to that truth which none can pass.
He that writes best can only hope to leave
A character of all he could conceive,
But none of thee; and with me must confess
That Fancy finds some check, from an excess
Of merit most, of nothing it hath spun,
And truth, as reason's task and theme, doth shun:
She makes a fairer flight in emptiness,
Than when a bodied truth doth her oppress.
Reason again denies her scales, because
Her's are but scales, she judges by the laws
Of weak comparison; thy virtue slights
Her feeble beam and her unequal weights,
What prodigy of wit and piety
Hath she else known by which to measure thee?
Great soul! we can no more the worthiness
Of what you were than what you are express.

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN.

AN ELEGY UPON THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S,

DR. JOHN DONNE,

BY MR. THOMAS CARY.

CAN we not force from widow'd Poetry,
Now thou art dead, great Donne! an elegy
To crown thy hearse? why yet dare we not trust,
Tho' with unkneaded dough-bak'd prose, thy dust?
Such as the unscissor'd churchman from the flow'r
Of fading rhetoric, short-liv'd as his hour,
Dry as the sand that measures it, should lay
Upon thy ashes on the funeral day?
Have we no voice, no tune? didst thou dispense
Thro' all our language both the words and sense?
'Tis a sad truth. The Pulpit may her plain
And sober Christian precepts still retain;
Doctrines it may and wholesome uses frame,
Grave homilies and lectures, but the flame
Of thy brave soul, that shot such heat and light
As burnt our earth, and made our darkness bright,
Committed holy rapes upon our will,
Did thro' the eye the melting heart distil,
And the deep knowledge of dark truths so teach,
As sense might judge what fancy could not reach,
Must be desir'd for ever. So the fire
That fills with spirit and heat the Delphique choir

Which, kindled first by thy Promethean breath,
Glow'd here a while, lies quench'd now in thy death.
The Muses' garden, with pedantic weeds
O'erspread, was purg'd by thee; the lazy seeds
Of servile imitation thrown away,
And fresh invention planted. Thou didst pay
The debts of our penurious bankrupt age,
Licentious thefts, that make poetic rage
A mimic fury, when our souls must be
Possest, or with Anacreon's ecstacy,
Or Pindar's, not their own. The subtile cheat
Of she-exchanges, and the juggling feat
Of two-edg'd words, or whatsoever wrong
By our's was done the Greek or Latin tongue,
Thou hadst redeem'd, and open'd us a mine
Of rich and pregnant fancy, drawn a line
Of masculine expression, which, had good
Old Orpheus seen, or all the ancient brood
Our superstitious fools admire, and hold
Their lead more precious than thy burnish'd gold,
Thou hadst been their exchequer, and no more
They in each other's dust had rak'd for ore.
Thou shalt yield no precedence but of time,
And the blind fate of language, whose tun'd chime
More charms the outward sense; yet thou may'st claim
From so great disadvantage greater fame,
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
Our stubborn language bends, made only fit

With her tough thick-ribb'd hoops to gird about
Thy giant fancy, which had prov'd too stout
For their soft melting phrases. As in time
They had the start, so did they call the prime
Buds of invention many a hundred year,
And left the rifled fields, besides the fear
To touch their harvest; yet from those bare lands,
Of what is purely thine, thy only hands
(And that thy smallest work) have gleaned more
Than all those times and tongues could reap before. So
But thou art gone, and thy strict laws will be
Too hard for libertines in poetry.
They will repeal the goodly exil'd train
Of gods and goddesses, which in thy just reign
Were banish'd nobler poems; now with these
The silenc'd tales of thy Metamorphoses
Shall stuff their lines, and swell the windy page,
Till verse, refin'd by thee, in this last age,
Turn ballad-rhyme, or those old idols be
Ador'd again with new apostacy.
Oh! pardon me, that break with untun'd verse
The rev'rend silence that attends thy hearse,
Whose awful solemn murmurs were to thee,
More than these faint lines, a loud elegy,
That did proclaim, in a dumb eloquence,
The death of all the Arts; whose influence,
Grown feeble, in these panting numbers lies
Gasping short-winded accents, and so dies.

So doth the swiftly-turning wheel not stand
In th' instant we withdraw the moving hand,
But some small time maintains a faint weak course,
By virtue of the first impulsive force:
And so, whilst I cast on thy funeral pile
Thy crown of bays, oh! let it crack a while,
And spit disdain, till the devouring flashes
Suck all the moisture up, then turn to ashes.
I will not draw the envy to engross
All thy perfections, or weep all our loss;
Those are too num'rous for an elegy,
And this too great to be express'd by me.
Tho' ev'ry pen should share a distinct part,
Yet thou art theme enough to try all art.
Let others carve the rest; it shall suffice
I on thy tomb this epitaph incise:
Here lies a king that rul'd, as he thought fit,
The universal monarchy of wit:
Here lie two flamens, and both those the best,
Apollo's first, at last the true God's priest.

AN ELEGY ON DR. DONNE,

BY SIR LUCIUS CARY.

Poets! attend; the elegy I sing,
Both of a double named priest and king:

Instead of coats and pendants bring your verse,
For you must be chief mourners at his hearse;
A tomb your Muse must to his fame supply,
No other monuments can never die:
And as he was a two-fold priest, in youth
Apollo's, afterwards the voice of Truth,
God's conduit pipe for grace, who chose him for
His extraordinary embassador;
So let his liegers with the poets join;
Both having shares, both must in grief combine.
Whilst Jonson forceth with his elegy
Tears from a grief-unknowing Scythian's eye,
(Like Moses, at whose stroke the waters gush'd
From forth the rock, and like a torrent rush'd)
Let Laud his funeral sermon preach, and show
Those virtues dull eyes were not apt to know;
Nor leave that piercing theme, till it appears
To be Good-Friday by the church's tears:
Yet make not grief too long oppress our powers,
Lest that his fun'ral sermon should prove ours;
Nor yet forget that heavenly eloquence
With which he did the bread of life dispense;
Preacher and orator, discharg'd both parts,
With pleasure for our sense, health for our hearts;
And the first such (tho' a long-studied art,
Tell us our soul is all in every part)
None was so marble but, whilst him he hears,
His soul so long dwelt only in his ears,

And from thence (with the fierceness of a flood
Bearing down vice) victuall'd with that blest food
Their hearts. His seed in none could fail to grow:
Fertile he found them all, or made them so:
No druggist of the soul bestow'd on all
So catholickly a curing cordial.
Nor only in the pulpit dwelt his store;
His words work'd much, but his example more;
That preach'd on work-days his poetry,
Itself was oftentimes divinity;
Those Anthems (almost second psalms) he writ,
To make us know the cross, and value it,
(Altho' we owe that reverence to that name
We should not need warmth from an under-flame)
Creates a fire in us so near extreme,
That we would die for and upon this theme.
Next, his so pious Litany, which none can
But count divine, except a Puritan;
And that, but for the name, nor this nor those,
Want any thing of sermons but the prose.
Experience makes us see that many a one
Owes to his country his religion,
And in another would as strongly grow,
Had but his nurse and mother taught him so:
Not he the ballast on his judgment hung,
Nor did his pre-conceit do either wrong.
He labour'd to exclude whatever sin,
By time or carelessness, had enter'd in;

Winnow'd the chaff from wheat, but yet was loth
A too hot zeal should force him burn them both;
Nor would allow of that so ignorant gall
Which, to save blotting, often would blot all;
Nor did those barbarous opinions own,
To think the organs sin and faction none:
Nor was there expectation to gain grace
From forth his sermons only, but his face;
So primitive a look, such gravity
With humbleness, and both with piety.
So mild was Moses' count'nance when he pray'd
For them whose Satanism his pow'r gainsay'd;
And such his gravity, when all God's band
Receiv'd his word (thro' him) at second hand,
Which join'd, did flames of more devotion move,
Than ever Argive Helen's could of love.
Now, to conclude, I must my reason bring
Wherefore I call'd him in his title King.
That kingdom the philosophers believ'd
To excell Alexander's, nor were griev'd
By fear of loss (that being such a prey
No stronger than one's self can force away)
The kingdom of one's self, this he enjoy'd,
And his authority so well employ'd,
That never any could before become
So great a monarch in so small a room:
He conquer'd rebel passions, rul'd them so,
As under spheres by the first mover go;

Banish'd so far their working, that we can
But know he had some, for we knew him man:
Then let his last excuse his first extremes;
His age saw visions, tho' his youth dream'd dreams.

ON DR. JOHN DONNE,

LATE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

Long since this task of tears from you was due;
Long since, O Poets! he did die to you,
Or left you dead, when Wit and He took flight
On divine wings, and soar'd out of your sight.
Preachers! 'tis you must weep; the wit he taught
You do enjoy; the rebels which he brought
From ancient discord, giant faculties,
And now no more religion's enemies:
Honest to knowing, unto virtuous sweet,
Witty to good, and learned to discreet,
He reconcil'd, and bid th' usurper go;
Dulness to vice, religion ought to flow.
He kept his loves, but not his objects; wit
He did not banish, but transplanted it;
Taught it his place and use, and brought it home
To piety, which it doth best become.
He shew'd, as how for sins we ought to sigh,
And how to sing Christ's epithalamy.

The altars had his fires, and there he spoke
Incense of loves, and fancy's holy smoke.
Religion thus enrich'd the people train'd,
And God from dull vice had the fashion gain'd.
The first effects sprung in the giddy mind
Of flashy youth, and thirst of woman-kind,
By colours led, and drawn to a pursuit,
As if their longings, too, must set us free,
And tempt us now to the commanded tree.
Tell me, had ever pleasure such a dress?
Have you known crimes so shap'd? or loveliness
Such as his lips did clothe religion in?
Had not reproof a beauty passing sin?
Corrupted Nature sorrow'd when she stood
So near the danger of becoming good,
And wish'd our so inconstant ears exempt
From piety that had such pow'r to tempt.
Did not his sacred flattery beguile
Man to amendment? the law, taught to smile,
Pension'd our vanity, and man grew well
Thro' the same frailty by the which he fell.
O the sick state of man! health doth not please
Our tastes, but in the shape of the disease.
Thriftless is charity, coward patience,
Justice is cruel, mercy want of sense.
What means our nature to bar Virtue place,
If she do come in her own cloaths and face?

Is good a pill we dare not chaw to know?
Sense, the soul's servant, doth it keep us so
As we might starve for good, unless it first
Do leave a pawn of relish in the gust?
Or have we to salvation no tie
At all but that of our infirmity?
Who treats with us must our affections move
To th' good we fly by those sweets which we love;
Must seek our palates, and, with their delight
To gain our deeds, must bribe our appetite.
These trains he knew, and laying nets to save,
Temptingly sugar'd all the health he gave.
But where is now that chime? that harmony
Hath left the world. Now the loud organ may
Appear, the better voice is fled, to have
A thousand times the sweetness which it gave.
I cannot say how many thousand spirits
The single happiness this soul inherits
Damns in the other world, souls whom no cross
O' th' sense afflicts but only of the loss;
Whom ignorance would half save, all whose pain
Is not in what they feel, but others' gain;
Self-executing wretched spirits, who,
Carrying their guilt, transport their envy too.
But those high joys which his wit's youngest flame
Would hurt to choose, shall not we hurt to name?
Verse-statues are all robbers; all we make
Of monument thus doth not give, but take:

As sails which seamen to a fore-wind fit
By a resistance go along with it;
So pens grow while they lessen fame so left;
A weak assistance is a kind of theft.
Who hath not love to ground his tears upon
Must weep here, if he have ambition.

J. CHUDLEIGH.

ON DR. DONNE'S DEATH,

BY MR. MAYNE, OF CHRIST-CHURCH IN OXFORD.

Who shall presume to mourn thee, Donne! unless
He could his tears in thy expressions dress,
And teach his grief that rev'rence of thy hearse,
To weep lines learned as thy anniverse?
A poem of that worth, whose every tear
Deserves the title of a several year:
Indeed so far above its reader good,
That we are thought wits when 'tis understood.
There that blest maid to die who now should grieve?
After thy sorrow 'twere her loss to live,
And her fair virtues in another's line
Would faintly dawn, which are made saints in thine.
Hadst thou been shallower, and not writ so high,
Or left some new way for our pen or eye
To shed a funeral tear, perchance thy tomb
Had not been speechless, or our Muses dumb;

But now we dare not write, but must conceal
Thy epitaph, lest we be thought to steal:
For who hath read thee, and discerns thy worth,
That will not say thy careless hours brought forth
Fancies beyond our studies, and thy play
Was happier than our serious time of day?
So learned was thy chance, thy haste had wit,
And matter from thy pen flow'd rashly fit.
What was thy recreation turns our brain,
Our rack and paleness is thy weakest strain;
And when we most come near thee, 'tis our bliss
To imitate thee where thou dost amiss.
Here light your Muse, you that do only think
And write, and are just poets as you drink,
In whose weak fancies wit doth ebb and flow
Just as your reck'nings rise, that we may know,
In your whole carriage of your work, that here
This flash you wrote in wine, and that in beer.
This is to tap your Muse, which, running long,
Writes flat, and takes our ear not half so strong;
Poor suburb wits, who if you want your cup,
Or if a lord recover, are blown up.
Could you but reach this height, you should not need
To make each meal a project ere you feed,
Nor walk in reliques' cloaths so old and bare,
As if left off to you from Ennius were;
Nor should your love in verse call mistress those
Who are mine hostess, or your whores, in prose.

From this Muse learn to court, whose power could
A cloyster'd coldness or a Vestal love, [move
And would convey such errants to their ear,
That ladies knew no odds to grant and hear.
But I do wrong thee, Donne! and this low praise
Is written only for thy younger days:
I am not grown up for thy riper parts,
Then should I praise thee thro' the tongues and arts,
And have that deep divinity to know
What mysteries did from thy preaching flow,
Who with thy words could charm thy audience,
That at thy sermons ear was all our sense.
Yet I have seen thee in the pulpit stand,
Where we might take notes from thy look and hand,
And from thy speaking action bear away
More sermons than some teachers use to say.
Such was thy carriage, and thy gesture such,
As could divide the heart, and conscience touch.
Thy motion did confute, and we might see
An error vanquish'd by delivery:
Not like our sons of zeal, who, to reform
Their hearers, fiercely at the pulpit storm,
And beat the cushion into worse estate
Than if they did conclude it reprobate;
Who can out-pray the glass, then lay about
Till all predestination be run out,
And from the point such tedious uses draw,
Their repetitions would make gospel law.

No; in such temper would thy sermons flow,
So well did doctrine and thy language show,
And had that holy fear, as, hearing thee,
The court would mend; and a good Christian be;
And ladies, tho' unhandsome, out of grace,
Would hear thee in their unbought looks and face.
More I could write, but let this crown thine urn,
We cannot hope the like till thou return.

UPON MR. J. DONNE
AND HIS POEMS.

Who dares say thou art dead, when he doth see
Unburied yet this living part of thee;
This part, that to thy being gives fresh flame,
And, tho' thou'rt Donne, yet will preserve thy name?
Thy flesh (whose channels left their crimson hue,
And whey-like ran at last in a pale blue)
May shew thee mortal; a dead palsy may
Seize on't, and quickly turn it into clay,
Which, like the Indian earth, shall rise refin'd;
But this great spirit thou hast left behind,
This soul of Verse, in its first pure estate
Shall live, for all the world to imitate,
But not come near; for in thy fancy's flight
Thou dost not stoop unto the vulgar sight,

Who was the prince of wits, 'mongst whom he reign'
High as a prince, and as great state maintain'd?
Yet wants he not his sign, for we have seen
A dearth, the like to which hath never been,
Treading on harvest heels, which doth presage
The dearth of wit and learning, which this age
Shall find, now he is gone; for tho' there be
Much grain in shew, none brought it forth as he.
Or men are misers, or if true want raises
The dearth, then more that dearth Donne's plenty
Of learning, languages, of eloquence, [praise
And poesie, past ravishing of sense,
He had a magazine, wherein such store
Was laid up as might hundreds serve of poor.
But he is gone! O! how will his desire
Torture all those that warm'd them by his fire!
Methinks I see him in the pulpit standing,
Nor ears or eyes, but all men's hearts commanding,
Where we that heard him to ourselves did feign
Golden Chrysostome was yet alive again;
And never were we wearied, till we saw
His hour (and but an hour) to end did draw.
How did he shame the doctrine-men, and use,
With helps to boot for men to bear th' abuse
Of their tir'd patience, and endure th' expence
Of time, O spent in hearkning to nonsense!
With marks also enough, whereby to know
The speaker is a zealous dunce, or so.

'Tis true, they quitted him to their poor pow'r;
They hunsm'd against him, and with face most sour
Call'd him a strong-lin'd man, a macaroon,
And no way fit to speak to clouted shoon.
"As fine words truly as you would desire;
"But, verily, but a bad edifier."
Thus did these beetles slight in him that good
They could not see, and much less understood.
But we may say, when we compare the stuff
Both wrought, he was a candle, they the snuff.
Well, Wisdom's of her children justify'd,
Let, therefore, these poor fellows stand aside;
Nor, tho' of learning he deserv'd so highly,
Would I his book should save him; rather slily
I should advise his clergy not to pray,
Tho' of the learnedst sort; methinks that they
Of the same trade are judges not so fit;
There's no such emulation as of wit.
Of such the envy might as much perchance
Wrong him, and more, than th' other's ignorance.
It was his fate, I know't, to be envy'd
As much by clerks as laymen magnify'd:
And why? but 'cause he came late in the day,
And yet his penny earn'd, and had as they.
No more of this, lest some should say that I
Am stray'd to satire, meaning elegy.
No, no; had Donne need to be judg'd or try'd,
A jury I would summon on his side

These would I bring, the' called from
Southampton, Hamilton, Pembroke, Do
Huntington, Bedford's countesses, the
Once of each sex. If these suffice not, I
Ten *dozen tales* have of standers-by;
All which for Donne would such a verdic
As can belong to none that now doth live,

But what do I? a diminution 'tis
To speak of him in verse so short of his,
Whereof he was the master; all, indeed,
Compar'd with him, pip'd on an oaten re
O that you had but one, 'mongst all you
Could write for him as he hath done for
Poets I speak to: when I see 't I'll say.
My eyesight betters as my years decay.
Mean-time a quarrel I shall ever have
Against these doughty keepers from the
Who use, it seems, their old authority,

This only a poor flash, a lightning is
Before my Muse's death, as after his.
Farewell, fair Soul! and deign receive from me
This type of that devotion I owe thee,
From whom, while living, as by voice and pen
I learned more than from a thousand men,
So by thy death am of one doubt releas'd,
And now believe that miracles are ceas'd.

EPITAPH ON DR. DONNE,

BY DR. CORBET, BISHOP OF OXFORD.

He that would write an epitaph for thee,
And do it well, must first begin to be
Such as thou wert; for none can truly know
Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd so:
He must have wit to spare and to hurl down,
Enough to keep the gallants of the Town:
He must have learning plenty; both the laws,
Civil and Common, to judge any cause;
Divinity great store above the rest,
Not of the last edition, but the best.
He must have language, travel, all the arts;
Judgment to use; or else he wants thy parts:
He must have friends the highest, able to do,
Such as Mecænas, and Augustus too;

He must have such a sickness, such a death,
Or else his vain descriptions come beneath.
Who then shall write an epitaph for thee
He must be dead first; let it alone for me.

EPITAPH UPON DR. DONNE,

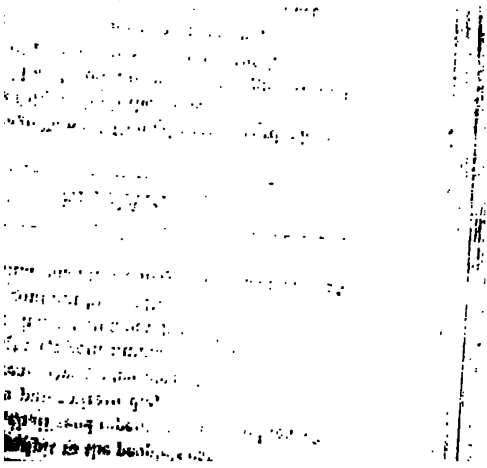
BY ENDY. PORTER.

This decent urn a sad inscription wears
Of Donne's departure from us to the spheres,
And the dumb stone with silence seems to tell
The changes of this life, wherein is well
Exprest a cause to make all joy to cease,
And never let our sorrows more take ease;
For now it is impossible to find
One fraught with virtues to enrich a mind.
But why should Death, with a promiscuous hand,
At one rude stroke impoverish a land?
Thou strict attorney unto stricter Fate,
Didst thou confiscate his life out of hate
To his rare parts? or didst thou throw thy dart
With envious hand at some plebeian heart,
And he with pious virtue stept between
To save that stroke, and so was kill'd unseen
By thee? O! t'was his goodness so to do,
Which human kindness never reach'd unto.

Thus the hard laws of death were satisfy'd,
And he left us like orphan-friends, and dy'd.
Now from the pulpit to the people's ears
Whose speech shall send repentant sighs and tears?
Or tell me, if a purer virgin die,
Who shall hereafter write her elegy?
Poets! be silent; let your numbers sleep,
For he is gone that did all fancy keep.
Time hath no soul but his exalted verse,
Which with amazements we may now rehearse.

EPITAPH.

Here lies Dean Donne! Enough; those words alone
Shew him as fully as if all the stone
His church of Paul's contains were thorough inscrib'd,
Or all the walkers there to speak him brib'd.
None can mistake him, for one such as he,
Donne, Dean, or Man, more none shall ever see.
Not man? no; tho' unto a sun each eye
Were turn'd, the whole earth so to overspy.
A bold brave word; yet such brave spirits as knew
His spirit, will say it is less bold than true.



SATIRES.

SATIRE I.

Away! thou changeling motely humourist;
Leave me, and in this standing wooden chest,
Consorted with these few books, let me lye
In prison, and here be coffin'd when I die.
Here are God's conduits, grave divines; and here
Is Nature's secretary, the philosopher;
And wily statesmen, which teach how to tye
The sinews of a city's mystic body;
Here gathering chroniclers, and by them stand
Giddy fantastic poets of each land.
Shall I leave all this constant company,
And follow headlong wild uncertain thee?
First swear by thy best love, here in earnest,
(If thou, which lov'st all, canst love any best)
Thou wilt not leave me in the middle street,
Tho' some more spruce companion thou dost meet;
Not tho' a captain do come in thy way,
Bright parcel gilt, with forty dead men's pay;
Not tho' a brisk perfum'd pert courtier
Deign with a nod thy courtesy to answer;
Nor come a velvet justice with a long
Great train of blue coats, twelve or fourteen strong,

Wilt thou grin or fawn on him, or prepare
A speech to court his beauteous son and heir?
For better or worse take me or leave me;
To take and leave me is adultery.
Oh, monstrous! superstitious Puritan,
Of refin'd manners, yet ceremonial man!
That when thou meet'st one with enquiring eyes
Dost search, and, like a needy broker, prize
The silk and gold he wears, and to that rate,
So high or low, dost raise thy formal hat;
That wilt consort none till thou have known
What lands he hath in hope, or of his own;
As tho' all thy companions should make thee
Jointures, and marry thy dear company;
Why shouldst thou (that dost not only approve,
But in rank itchy lust, desire, and love,
The nakedness and barrenness t' enjoy
Of thy plump muddy whore or prostitute boy)
Hate Virtue, tho' she naked be and bare?
At birth and death our bodies naked are;
And till our souls be unapparelled
Of bodies they from bliss are banished.
Man's first blest state was naked; when by sin
He lost that, he was cloath'd but in beast's skin,
And in this coarse attire, which I now wear,
With God and with the Muses I confer.
But since thou, like a contrite penitent,
Charitably warn'd of thy sins, dost repent

These vanities and giddinesses, lo
I shut my chamber-door, and, Come, let's go.
But sooner may a cheap whore, who hath been
Worn out by as many several men in sin
As are black feathers or musk-colour'd hose,
Name her child's right true father 'mongst all those;
Sooner may one guess who shall bear away
The infantry of London hence to India;
And sooner may a gulling weather-spy,
By drawing forth heav'n's scheme, tell certainly
What fashion'd hats, or ruffs, or suits, next year
Our giddy-headed antic youth will wear,
Than thou, when thou depart'st from me, can show
Whither, why, when, or with whom, thou wouldst go.
But how shall I be pardon'd my offence,
That thus have sinn'd against my conscience?
Now we are in the street; he first of all,
Improvidently proud, creeps to the wall,
And so imprison'd and hemm'd in by me,
Sells for a little state his liberty;
Yet tho' he cannot skip forth now to greet
Every fine silken painted fool we meet,
He them to him with amorous smiles allures,
And grins, smacks, shrugs, and such an itch endures
As 'prentices or school-boys, which do know
Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not go;
And as fiddlers stop lowest at highest sound,
So to the most brave stoops he nigh'st the ground;

But to a grave man he doth move no more
Than the wise politic horse would heretofore;
Or thou, O Elephant or Ape! wilt do,
When any names the King of Spain to you.
Now leaps he upright, jogs me, and cries, Do yo
Yonder well-favour'd youth? Which? Oh! 'tl
That dances so divinely. Oh! said I,
Stand still; must you dance here for company?
He droop'd, we went, till one (which did excel
Th' Indians in drinking his tobacco well)
Met us: they talk'd; I whisper'd, Let us go;
It may be you smell him not; truly I do.
He hears not me; but on the other side
A many-colour'd peacock having spy'd,
Leaves him and me: I for my lost sheep stay;
He follows, overtakes, goes on the way,
Saying, Him whom I last left all repute
For his device in handsoming a suit;
To judge of lace, pink, panes, print, cut, and pl
Of all the court to have the best conceit:
Our dull comedians want him; let him go;
But, oh! God strengthen thee; why stoop'st th
Why, he hath travail'd long; no, but to me
Which understood none, he doth seem to be
Perfect French and Italian. I reply'd,
So is the pox. He answer'd not, but spy'd
More men of sort, of parts and qualities,
At last his love he in a window spies,

And like light dew exhal'd he flings fro n me,
Violently ravish'd to his lechery.
Many there were he could command no more;
He quarrell'd, fought, bled; and, turn'd out of door,
Directly came to me, hanging the head,
And constantly a while must keep his bed.

SATIRE II.

Sir, tho' (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this Town, yet there's one state
In all ill things so excellently best,
That hate towards them breeds pity towards the rest.
Tho' poetry indeed be such a sin
As I think that brings dearth and Spaniards in;
Tho', like the pestilence and old-fashion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never till it be starv'd out; yet their state
Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate:
One (like a wretch, which at bar judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,
And saves his life) gives idiot actors means,
(Starving himself) to live by's labour'd scenes;
As in some organs puppets dance above,
And bellows pant below which them do move.
One would move love by rhymes; but witchcraft's charms
Bring not now their old fears nor their old harms.

Rams and slings now are silly battery;
Pistolets are the best artillery:
And they who write to lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like singers at doors for meat?
And they who write, because all write, have still
Th' excuse for writing, and for writing ill.
But he is worst who (beggarly) doth chaw
Others' wit's fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digested, doth these things out-spue
As his own things: and they're his own, 'tis true;
For if one eat my meat, tho' it be known
The meat was mine, th' excrement is his own.
But these do me no harm, nor they which use
To out-do dildoes and out-usure Jews,
T' out-drink the sea, t' out-swear the Litany,
Who with sins all kinds as familiar be
As confessors, and for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Whose strange sins canonists could hardly tell
In which commandment's large receipt they dwell.
But these punish themselves. The insolence
Of Coscus only breeds my just offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on must make a calf an ox)
Hath made a lawyer, which (alas!) of late
But scarce a poet, jollier of this state
Than are new benefic'd ministers; he throws,
Like nets or lime-twigs, wheresoe'er he goes,

His title of Barrister on every wench,
And woos in language of the Pleas and Bench.
A motion, Lady! Speak, Coscus. I have been
In love e'er since *tricesimo* of the Queen.
Continual claims I've made, injunctions got
To stay my rival's suit, that he should not
Proceed; spare me, in Hilary term I went;
You said, if I return'd next 'size in Lent,
I should be in remitter of your grace;
In th' interim my letters should take place
Of affidavits. Words, words, which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a maid's soft ear
More, more than ten Sclavonians scoldings, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd abbies roar.
When sick with poetry, and possest with Muse
Thou wast, and mad, I hop'd; but men which chuse
Law-practice for mere gain, bold souls repute
Worse than imbrothell'd strumpets prostitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk,
His hand still at a bill; now he must talk
Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear
That only suretiship hath brought them there,
And to every suitor lie in every thing,
Like a king's favourite, or like a king;
Like a wedge in a block wring to the bar,
Bearing like asses, and more shameless far
Than carted whores, lie to the grave judge; for
Bastardy abounds not in kings' titles, nor

Simony and Sodomy in churchmen's lives,
As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
Shortly (as th' sea) he'll compass all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover Strand
And spying heirs melting with luxury,
Satan will not joy at their sins as he:
For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitching-stuff,
And barrelling the droppings, and the snuff
Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,
Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding chear)
Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
Wringing each acre as maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
Assurances big as gloss'd Civil laws;
So huge, that men (in our time's forwardness)
Are fathers of the church for writing less.
These he writes not, nor for these written pays,
Therefore spares no length, (as in those first days,
When Luther was profest, he did desire
Short Pater-nosters, saying, as a friar,
Each day his beads: but having left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer the power and glory clause)
But when he sells or changes land, h' impairs
His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out *ses heires*,
And slily, as any commenter, goes by
Hard words or sense; or in divinity
As controverters in vouch'd texts leave out [doub
Shrewd words, which might against them clear th

Where are those spread woods which cloth'd heretofore
Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within door.
Where the old landlord's troops and alms? In halls
Carthusian fasts and fulsome Bacchanals
Equally I hate. Mean's blest. In rich men's homes
I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs;
None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh!) w' allow
Good works as good, but out of fashion now,
Like old rich wardrobe [illegible] none draws
Within the vast reach [illegible]-laws.

SA[illegible]

KIND pity checks my [illegible] ave scorn forbids
Those tears to issue w[illegible] well my eye-lids.
I must not laugh nor weep sins, but be wise:
Can railing then cure these worn maladies?
Is not our mistress, fair Religion,
As worthy of our souls' devotion
As virtue was to the first blinded age?
Are not heaven's joys as valiant to asswage
Lusts as earth's honour was to them? Alas!
As we do them in means, shall they surpass
Us in the end? and shall thy father's spirit
Meet blind philosophers in heav'n, whose merit
Of strict life may b' imputed faith, and hear
Thee, whom he taught so easy ways and near.

To follow, damn'd? Oh! if thou dar'st, fear this:
This fear great courage and high valour is.
Dar'st thou aid mutinous Dutch? and dar'st thou lay
Thee in ships' wooden sepulchres, a prey
To leader's rage, to storms, to shot, to dearth?
Dar'st thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth?
Hast thou courageous fire to thaw the ice
Of frozen north-discoveries, and thrice
Colder than salamanders? like divine
Children in th' oven, fires of Spain and the line,
Whose countries limbecks to our bodies be,
Canst thou for gain bear? and must every he
Which cries not Goddess! to thy mistress, draw
Or eat thy poisonous words? courage of straw!
O desperate coward! wilt thou seem bold, and
To thy foes and his (who made thee to stand
Centinel in this world's garrison) thus yield,
And for forbid wars leave th' appointed field?
Know thy foes: the foul devil (he whom thou
Striv'st to please) for hate, not love, would allow
Thee fain his whole realm to be quit; and as
The world's all parts wither away and pass,
So the world's self, thy other lov'd foe, is
In her decrepit wane, and thou loving this
Dost love a withered and worn strumpet last;
Flesh (itself's death) and joys, which flesh can taste,
Thou lov'st; and thy fair goodly soul, which doth
Give this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loath.

Seek true religion. O! where? Mirreu[s],
Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us,
Seeks her at Rome; there, because he doth know
That she was there a thousand years ago.
He loves the rags so, as we here obey
The state-cloth where the prince sate yesterday.
Grants to such brave loves will not be inthrall'd,
But loves her only who at Geneva is call'd
Religion, plain, sim[illegible] young,
Contemptuous, yet [illegible] among
Lecherous humours [illegible] udges
No wenches wholesome [illegible]ountry drudges.
Grajus stays still at hom[illegible]nd because
Some preachers, vile a[illegible]wds, and laws
Still new like fashions, [illegible]nk that she
Which dwells with us is only perfect, he
Imbraceth her whom his godfathers will
Tender to him, being tender; as wards still
Take such wives as their guardians offer, or
Pay values. Careless Phrygius doth abhor
All, because all cannot be good; as one
Knowing some women whores dares marry none.
Gracchus loves all as one, and thinks that so
As women do in diverse countries go
In diverse habits, yet are still one kind,
So doth, so is Religion; and this blind-
Ness too much light breeds. But unmoved thou
Of force must one, and forc'd but one, allow,

And the right; ask thy father which is she;
Let him ask his. Tho' Truth and Falsehood be
Near twins, yet Truth a little elder is:
Be busy to seek her; believe me this,
He's not of none, nor worst, that seeks the best.
T' adore or scorn an image, or protest,
May all be bad. Doubt wisely. In strange way
To stand inquiring right is not to stray;
To sleep or run wrong is. On a huge hill,
Cragged and steep, Truth stands; and he that will to
Reach her about must, and about it, go,
And what the hill's suddenness resists win so.
Yet strive so that before age, death's twilight,
Thy soul rest; for none can work in that night.
To will implies delay, therefore now do:
Hard deeds the body's pains; hard knowledge to
The mind's endeavours reach; and mysteries
Are like the sun, dazzling, yet plain t' all eyes.
Keep the truth which thou hast found; men do not
In so ill case, that God hath with his hand [stand
Sign'd kings' blank-charters to kill whom they hate,
Nor are they vicars, but hangmen, to Fate. 91
Fool and wretch! wilt thou let thy soul be ty'd
To man's laws, by which she shall not be try'd
At the last day? or will it then boot thee
To say a Philip or a Gregory,
A Harry or a Martin, taught me this?
Is not this excuse for meer contraries

Equally strong? cannot both sides say so?
That thou may'st rightly obey Power, her bounds know;
Those past her nature and name's chang'd; to be
Then humble to her is idolatry.
As streams are, power is: those blest flowers that dwell
At the rough stream's calm head thrive and do well:
But having left their roots, and themselves given
To the stream's tyrannous rage, alas! are driven
Thro' hills, rocks, and woods, and at last, almost
Consum'd in going, in the sea are lost:
So perish souls which more chuse men's unjust
Power, from God claim'd, than God himself to trust.

SATIRE IV.

Well; I may now receive and die. My sin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A Purgatory, such as fear'd hell is
A recreation, and scant map of this.
My mind neither with pride's itch, nor yet hath been
Poison'd with love to see or to be seen.
I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
Yet went to court: but as Glare, which did go
To mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
The hundred marks, which is the statute's curse,
Before he 'scap'd; so 't pleas'd my Destiny
(Guilty of my sin of going) to think me

As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
Ful, as proud, lustful, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witless, and as false as they
Which dwell in court, for once going that way,
Therefore I suffer'd this: towards me did run
A thing more strange than on Nile's slime the sun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came;
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:
Stranger than seven antiquaries' studies,
Than Afric's monsters, Guiana's rarities;
Stranger than strangers; one who for a Dane
In the Danes' massacre had sure been slain,
If he had liv'd then, and without help dies
When next the 'prentices 'gainst strangers rise:
One whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by;
One t' whom th' examining justice sure would cry,
Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are.
His cloaths were strange, tho' coarse, and black, tho'
Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been [bare;
Velvet, but 't was now (so much ground was seen)
Become tufftaffaty; and our children shall
See it plain rash a while, then nought at all.
The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, speaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what t' all states belongs.
Made of th' accents and best phrase of all these,
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste;
But pedant's motley tongue, soldier's bombast,

Mountebank's drug-tongue, nor the ter[illegible] of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this, yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Compliment;
In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
Make men speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
Out-flatter favourites, or out-lie either
Jovius or Surius, or both together.
He names me, and c[illegible]ner, God!
How have I sinn'd, t[illegible]us rod,
This fellow, chuseth
I love your judgmen[illegible]efer
For the best linguist
Said, that I thought [illegible]nary.
Nay, but of men? M[illegible]eza, then,
Some Jesuits, and tw[illegible]
Of our two academies, [illegible]
He stopt me, and said; [illegible], your apostles were
Good pretty linguists; so Panurgus was,
Yet a poor gentleman; all these may pass
By travail. Then, as if he would have sold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told,
That I was fain to say, If you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, sure the tow'r had stood.
He adds, If of court-life you knew the good,
You would leave loneness. I said, Not alone
My loneness is, but Spartan's fashion,

To teach by painting drunkards, doth not last
ow; Aretine's pictures have made few chaste;
No more can princes' courts, tho' there be few
Better pictures of vice, teach me virtue.
He, like to a high-stretch'd lute-string, squeak'd, O,
'Tis sweet to talk of kings! At Westminster, [Sir!
Said I, the man that keeps the Abby-tombs,
And for his price doth, with who'ever comes,
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From king to king, and all their kin can walk:
Your ears shall hear nought but kings; your eyes meet
Kings only; the way to it is King's-street.
He smack'd, and cry'd, He 's base, mechanic coarse;
So 're all your Englishmen in their discourse.
Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you see,
I have but one, Sir; look, he follows me.
Certes, they 're neatly cloath'd. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your grogaram.
Not so, Sir; I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly. I chaf'd him; but as itch
Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worse; so I (fool!) found
Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,
He to another key his stile doth dress,
And asks, What news? I tell him of new plays:
He takes my hand, and, as a still which stays
A semibrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loath to inrich me, so tells many a lye,

than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stows,
ial household trash he knows. He knows
the queen frown'd or smil'd; and he knows what
:le statesman may gather of that:
ows who loves whom, and who by poison
s to an office's reversion:
ows who 'hath sold his land, and now doth beg
nse old iron, boots, shoes, and egg-
to transport. Shortly boys shall not play
m-counter or blow-point, but shall pay
o some courtier; and, wiser than all us,
ows what lady is not painted. Thus
th home-meats cloys me. I belch, spue, spit,
pale and sickly, like a patient, yet
rusts on more; and as he 'had undertook
y Gallo-Belgicus without book,
s of all states and deeds that have been since
Spaniards came to th' lose of Amyens.
s big wife, at sight of leathed meat,
y to travail, so I sigh and sweat
:ar this makaren talk in vain; for yet,
r my humour or his own to fit,
ike a privileg'd spy, whom nothing can
edit, libels now 'gainst each great man:
ames a price for every office paid:
ith, Our wars thrive ill, because delay'd;
offices are intail'd, and that there are
stuities of them lasting as far

As the last day; and that great officers
Do with the pirates share and Dunkirkers.
Who wastes in meat, in cloaths, in horse, in notes;
Who loves whores, who boys, and who goats.
I, more amaz'd than Circe's prisoners, when
They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
Becoming traitor, and methought I saw
One of our giant statues ope his jaw
To suck me in for hearing him: I found
That as burnt venomous leachers do grow sound
By giving others their sores, I might grow
Guilty, and he free: therefore I did show
All signs of loathing; but since I am in,
I must pay mine and my forefathers' sin
To the last farthing: therefore to my power
Toughly and stubbornly I bear this cross; but th' hour
Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to 'scape his torturing,
And says, Sir, can you spare me? I said, Willingly.
Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown? Thankfully I
Gave it as ransom. But as fiddlers still,
Tho' they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thrust one more jigg upon you; so did he
With his long complimental thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the prerogative of my crown. Scant
His thanks were ended when I (which did see
All the court fill'd with such strange things as he)

Ran from thence with such or more haste than one
Who fears more actions doth haste from prison.
At home in wholesome solitariness,
My piteous soul began the wretchedness
Of suitors at court to mourn, and a trance
Like his who dream'd he saw hell, did advance
Itself o'er me: such men as he saw there
I saw at court, and worse, and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser; then
Shall I, none's slave, of high-born or rais'd men
Fear frowns, and my mistress, Truth! betray thee
To th' huffing, braggard, puff'd nobility?
No, no; thou which since yesterday hast been
Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
O sun! in all thy journey, vanity
Such as swells the bladder of our court? I
Think he which made your waxen garden, and
Transported it from Italy, to stand
With us at London, flouts our courtiers; for
Just such gay painted things, which no sap nor
Taste have in them, our's are; and natural
Some of the stocks are, their fruits bastard all.
'Tis ten o'clock, and past; all whom the Meuse,
Baloun, tennis, diet, or the stews
Had all the morning held, now the second
Time made ready, that day in flocks are found
In the presence, and I, (God pardon me!)
As fresh and sweet their apparels be, as be

The fields they sold to buy them. For a king
Those hose are, cries the flatterer; and bring
Them next week to the theatre to sell.
Wants reach all states. Me seems they do as well
At stage as court. All are players; whoe'er looks
(For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,
Shall find their wardrobe's inventory. Now
The ladies come. As pirates, which do know
That there came weak ships fraught with cochineal,
The men board them, and praise (as they think) well
Their beauties; they the men's wits: both are bought.
Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns I thought
This cause: these men men's wits for speeches buy,
And women buy all reds which scarlets die.
He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
She fears her drugs ill laid, her hair loose set.
Would n't Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
From hat to shoe himself at door refine,
As if the presence were a Moschite; and lift
His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
Making them confess not only mortal
Great stains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate?
And then by Durer's rules survey the state
Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes and symmetry
Perfect as circles, with such nicety

As a young preacher at his first time goes
To preach, he enters, and a lady, which owes
Him not so much as good-will, he arrests,
And unto her protests, protests, protests;
So much as at Rome would serve to 'have thrown
Ten cardinals into the Inquisition,
And whispers by Jesu so oft', that a
Pursuivant would have ravish'd him away
For saying of our La... is fit
That they each other ...t it.
But here comes Glor... ue them both,
Who in the other ex... tion;
Call a rough careless ... om he spits on,
Whose cloak his spu...
He cares not, he. H... rds do no harm
To him; he rushes in, as it Arm, arm,
He meant to cry; and tho' his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
He strives to look worse; he keeps all in awe,
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Tir'd, now, I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
As men from gaols to execution go;
Go thro' the great Chamber (why is it hung
With the seven deadly sins?) being among
Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing-cross for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth but queen's man and fine
Living, barrels of beef and flagons of wine,

I shook like a spy'd spy. Preachers! which are
Seas of wit and arts, you can, then dare
Drown the sins of this place; for, for me,
Which am but a scant brook, it enough shall be
To wash the stains away; altho' I yet
(With Machabee' modesty) the known merit
Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
I hope, esteem my writs canonical.

SATIRE V.

Thou shalt not laugh, in this leaf, Muse! nor they
Whom any pity warms. He which did lay
Rules to make courtiers, he being understood
May make good courtiers, but who courtiers good?
Frees from the sting of jests all who in extreme
Are wretched or wicked; of these two a theme,
Charity and liberty, give me. What is he
Who officers' rage and suitors' misery
Can write in jest? If all things be in all,
As I think, since all which were, are, and shall
Be, be made of the same elements,
Each thing each thing implies or represents;
Then man is a world, in which officers
Are the vast ravishing seas, and suitors
Springs, now full, now shallow, now dry, which to
That which drowns them run: these self-reasons d

ove the world a man, in which officers
re the devouring stomach, and suitors
h' excrements which they void. All men are dust;
low much worse are suitors, who to men's lust
Are made preys? O worse than dust or worms' meat!
For they eat you now whose selves worms shall eat.
They are the mills which grind you; yet you are
The wind which drives them; and a wasteful war
Is fought against you, and you fight it: they
Adulterate law, and you prepare the way,
Like wittals; th' issue your own ruin is.
Greatest and fairest Empress! know you this?
Alas! no more than Thames' calm head doth know
Whose meads her arms drown, or whose corn o'erflow.
You, Sir, whose righteousness she loves, whom I,
By having leave to serve, am most richly
For service paid authoriz'd, now begin
To know and weed out this enormous sin.
O age of rusty iron! some better wit
Call it some worse name, if ought equal it.
Th' Iron Age was when justice was sold; now
Injustice is sold dearer far. Allow
All claim'd fees and duties, gamesters, anon
The money which you sweat and swear for 's gone
Into' other hands. So controverted lands
'Scape, like Angelica, the striver's hands.
If law be in the judge's heart, and he
Have no heart to resist letter or fee,

Where wilt thou appeal? power of the courts below
Flows from the first main head; and these can throw
Thee, if they suck thee in, to misery,
To fetters, halters. But if th' injury
Steel thee to dare complain, alas! thou go'st
Against the stream, upwards, when thou art most
Heavy and most faint; and in these labours they,
'Gainst whom thou should'st complain, will in thy way
Become great seas, o'er which, when thou shalt be
Forc'd to make golden bridges, thou shalt see
That all thy gold was drown'd in them before.
All things follow their like, only who have may 'have more.
Judges are gods; and he who made them so
Meant not men should be forc'd to them to go
By means of angels. When supplications
We send to God, to dominations,
Powers, cherubins, and all heaven's courts, if we
Should pay fees, as here, daily bread would be
Scarce to kings; so 'tis. Would it not anger
A Stoic, a coward, yea, a martyr,
To see a pursuivant come in, and call
All his clothes Copes, books Primers, and all
His plate Chalices; and mis-take them away,
And ask a fee for coming? Oh! ne'er may
Fair Law's white rev'rend name be strumpeted,
To warrant thefts: she is established
Recorder to Destiny on earth, and she
Speaks Fate's words, and tells who must be

Rich, who poor, who in chairs, and who in gaols:
She is all fair, but yet hath foul long nails,
With which she scratcheth suitors. In bodies
Of men, so in law, nails are extremities;
So officers stretch to more than law can do,
As our nails reach what no else part comes to.
Why bar'st thou to yon' officer? Fool! hath he
Got those goods for which erst men bar'd to thee? So
Fool! twice, thrice, thou hast bought wrong and now hungerly
Begg'st right, but that dole comes not till these die.
Thou hadst much, and law's Urim and Thummim try
Thou wouldst for more; and for all hast paper
Enough to clothe all the great Charrick's pepper.
Sell that, and by that thou much more shalt leese
Than Hammon, when he sold 's antiquities.
O wretch! that thy fortunes should moralize
Æsop's Fables, and make tales prophesies.
Thou art the swimming dog, whom shadows cozened,
Which div'st, near drowning, for what vanished. 91

SATIRE VI.

Men write that love and reason disagree,
But I ne'er saw 't exprest as 't is in thee.
Well, I may lead thee, God must make thee see;
But thine eyes blind too, there 's no hope for thee.

Thou say'st she's wise and witty, fair and free;
All these are reasons why she should scorn thee.
Thou dost protest thy love, and wouldst it show
By matching her, as she would match her foe;
And wouldst persuade her to a worse offence
Than that whereof thou didst accuse her wench.
Reason there's none for thee, but thou may'st vex
Her with example. Say, for fear her sex
Shun her she needs must change: I do not see
How reason e'er can bring that must to thee.
Thou art a match a justice to rejoice,
Fit to be his, and not his daughter's choice.
Dry'd with his threats she'd scarcely stay with thee
And wouldst th' have this to chuse thee, being free
Go, then, and punish some soon gotten stuff;
For her dead husband this hath mourn'd enough
In hating thee. Thou may'st one like this meet;
For spite take her, prove kind, make thy breath swe
Let her see she 'hath cause, and to bring to thee
Honest children, let her dishonest be.
If she be a widow, I'll warrant her
She 'll thee before her first husband prefer;
And will wish thou had'st had her maidenhead,
(She 'll love thee so) for then thou hadst been dea
But thou such strong love and weak reasons hast,
Thou must thrive there, or ever live disgrac'd.
Yet pause a while, and thou mayst live to see
A time to come wherein she may beg thee.

If thou 'lt not pause nor change, she 'll beg thee now,
Do what she can, love for nothing allow.
Besides, here were too much gain and merchandize,
And when thou art rewarded desert dies.
Now thou hast odds of him she loves; he may doubt
Her constancy, but none can put thee out.
Again, be thy love true, she 'll prove divine,
And in the end the good on 't will be thine;
For tho' thou must ne'er think of other love,
And so wilt advance her as high above
Virtue as cause above effect can be,
'Tis virtue to be chaste, which she 'll make thee.

Donne.]

EPITHAMALIONS:

OR,

MARRIAGE SONGS.

AN EPITHALAMION

On Frederick Count Palatine of the Rhine, and the Lady Elizabeth, being married on St. Valentine's day.

I.

HAIL, Bishop Valentine! whose day this is,
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners:
Thou marry'st every year
The lyric lark and the grave whispering dove;
The sparrow, that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with the red stomacher;
Thou mak'st the black-bird speed as soon
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon;
The husband cock looks out, and strait is sped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed.
This day more chearfully than ever shine;
This day, which might inflame thyself, old Valentine!

II.

Till now thou warm'dst with multiplying loves
Two larks, two sparrows, or two doves,
All that is nothing unto this,
For thou this day couplest two phœnixes.
Thou mak'st a taper see
What the sun never saw, and what the ark
(Which was of fowl and beasts the cage and park)
Did not contain; one bed contains thro' thee
Two phœnixes, whose joined breasts
Are unto one another mutual nests;
Where motion kindles such fires as shall give
Young phœnixes, and yet the old shall live;
Whose love and courage never shall decline,
But make the whole year th'rough thy day, O Valen-

III. [tine!

Up then, fair phœnix bride! frustrate the sun;
Thyself from thine affection
Tak'st warmth enough, and from thine eye
All lesser birds will take their jollity.
Up, up, fair bride! and call
Thy stars from out their several boxes; take
Thy rubies, pearls, and diamonds, forth, and make
Thyself a constellation of them all;
And by their blazing signify
That a great princess falls, but doth not die:
Be thou a new star, that to us portends
Ends of much wonder, and be thou those ends.

Since thou dost this day in new glory shine,
May all men date records from this day, Valentine

IV.

Come forth, come forth! and as one glorious flame
Meeting another grows the same,
So meet thy Frederick, and so
To an unseparable union go;
Since separation
Falls not on such things as are infinite,
Nor things which are but once an disunite;
You 're twice inseparable, great, and one.
Go then to where the Bishop stays
To make you one; his way, which divers ways
Must be effected; and when all is past,
And that y' are one, by hearts and hands made fast
You two have one way left yourselves t' entwine,
Besides this Bishop's knot of Bishop Valentine.

V.

But, ch! what ails the sun, that hence he stays
Longer to-day than other days?
Stays he new light from these to get?
And finding here such stars is loth to set?
And why do you two walk
So slowly pac'd in this procession?
Is all your care but to be look'd upon,
And be to others spectacle and talk?
The feast with gluttonous delays
Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise.

The masquers come late, and I think will stay,
Like Fairies, till the cock crow them away.
Alas! did not Antiquity assign
A night as well as day to thee, old Valentine?

VI.

They did, and night is come; and yet we see
Formalities retarding thee.
What mean these ladies, which (as tho'
They were to take a clock in pieces) go
So nicely about the bride?
A bride, before a good-night could be said,
Should vanish from her clothes into her bed,
As souls from bodies steal, and are not spy'd.
But now she 's laid: what tho' she be?
Yet there are more delays; for where is he?
He comes, and passeth thro' sphere after sphere;
First her sheets, then her arms, then any where.
Let not this day, then, but this night, be thine;
Thy day was but the eve to this, O Valentine!

VII.

Here lies a she sun, and a he moon there;
She gives the best light to his sphere;
Or each is both, and all, and so
They unto one another nothing owe:
And yet they do; but are
So just and rich in that coin which they pay,
That neither would, nor needs, forbear nor stay;
Neither desires to be spar'd nor to spare:

They quickly pay their debt, and then
Take no acquittances, but pay again:
They pay, they give, they lend, and so let fall
No occasion to be liberal.
More truth, more courage, in these two do shine
Than all thy turtles have, and sparrows, Valentine!

VIII.

And by this act of these two phœnixes
Nature again restored is;
For since these two are two no more,
There's but one phœnix still, as was before.
Rest now, at last, and we
(As Satyrs watch the sun's uprise) will stay
Waiting when your eyes opened let out day,
Only desired, because your face we see;
Others near you shall whisp'ring speak,
And wagers lay, at which side day will break,
And win, by observing then whose hand it is
That opens first a curtain, her's or his.
This will be try'd to-morrow after nine,
Till which hour we thy day enlarge, O Valentine!

EPITHALAMION

MADE AT LINCOLN'S-INN.

I.

The sun-beams in the East are spread,
Leave, leave, fair Bride! your solitary bed;
No more shall you return to it alone,
It nurseth sadness; and your body's print,
Like to a grave, the yielding down doth dint:
You and your other you meet there anon;
Put forth, put forth, that warm balm-breathing thigh,
Which when next time you in these sheets will smother
There it must meet another,
Which never was, but must be oft' more nigh.
Come glad from thence, go gladder than you came,
To-day put on perfection and a woman's name.

II.

Daughters of London; you which be
Our golden mines and furnish'd treasury;
You which are angels, yet still bring with you
Thousands of angels on your marriage days,
Help with your presence, and devise to praise
These rites, which also unto you grow due;
Conceitedly dress her, and be assign'd
By you fit place for every flower and jewel;
Make her for Love fit fuel
As gay as Flora, and as rich as Inde;

So may she, fair and rich, in nothing lame,
To-day put on perfection and a woman's name.

III.

And you, frolic Patricians!
Sons of those senators, wealth's deep oceans;
Ye painted courtiers! barrels of others' wits,
Ye country men! who but your beasts love none:
Ye of those fellowships, whereof he 's one,
Of study and play made strange hermaphrodits,
Here shine; this bridegroom to the temple bring.
Lo! in yon' path which store of strow'd flow'rs graceth,
The sober virgin paceth;
Except my sight fail 't is no other thing:
Weep not, nor blush, here is no grief nor shame;
To-day put on perfection and a woman's name.

IV.

Thy two-leav'd gates, fair Temple! unfold,
And these two in thy sacred bosom hold,
Till mystically join'd but one they be;
Then may thy lean and hunger-starved womb
Long time expect their bodies and their tomb,
Long after their own parents fatten thee.
All elder claims, and all cold barrenness,
All vielding to new loves be far for ever,
Which might these two dissever,
All wishes all th' other may each one possess;
For the best bride, best worthy of praise and fame,
To-day puts on perfection and a woman's name.

V.

Winter days bring much delight,
Nor for themselves, but for they soon bring night;
Other sweets wait thee than these divers meats,
Other disports than dancing jollities,
Other love-tricks than glancing with the eyes;
But that the sun still in our half sphere sweats;
He flies in winter, but he now stands still,
Yet shadows turn; noon-point he hath attain'd,
His steeds will be restrain'd,
But gallop lively down the western hill;
Thou shalt, when he hath run the heav'ns half frame,
To-night put on perfection and a woman's name.

VI.

The amorous evening-star is rose,
Why then should not our amorous star inclose
Herself in her wish'd bed? Release your strings,
Musicians! and, dancers! take some truce
With these your pleasing labours; for great use
As much weariness as perfection brings.
You, and not only you but all toil'd beast
Rest duly; at night all their toils are dispens'd;
But in their beds commenc'd
Are other labours, and more dainty feasts.
She goes a maid who, lest she turn the same,
To-night puts on perfection and a woman's name.

VII.

Thy virgin's girdle now untie
And in thy nuptial bed (Love's altar) lie
A pleasing sacrifice; now dispossess
Thee of these chains and robes which were put on
T' adorn the day, not thee; for thou alone,
Like Virtue and Truth, are best in nakedness:
This bed is only to virginity
A grave, but to a better state a cradle;
Till now thou wast but able
To be what now thou art; then that by thee
No more be said I may be, but I am,
To-night put on perfection and a woman's name.

VIII.

Ev'n like a faithful man, content
That this life for a better should be spent,
So she a mother's rich stile doth prefer,
And at the bridegroom's wish'd approach doth lie,
Like an appointed lamb, when tenderly
The priest comes on his knees t' imbowel her.
Now sleep or watch with more joy; and, oh! light
Of heav'n! to-morrow rise thou hot and early,
This sun will love so dearly
Her rest, that long, long, we shall want her sight.
Wonders are wrought; for she which had no name
To-night puts on perfection and a woman's name.

ECLOGUE.

DECEMBER 26. 1613.

Allophanes finding Idios in the country in Christmas time, reprehends his absence from Court at the marriage of the Earl of Somerset: Idios gives an account of his purpose therein, and of his actions there.

UNSEASONABLE ma[illegible]ice!
What could to coun[illegible]ntice
Thee in this year's c[illegible]it time?
Nature's instinct dra[illegible]warmer clime
Ev'n smaller birds, who by that courage dare
In numerous fleets sail thro' their sea, the air.
What delicacy can in fields appear,
Whilst Flora herself doth a frize jerkin wear?
Whilst winds do all the trees and hedges strip
Of leaves, to furnish rods enough to whip
Thy madness from thee, and all springs by frost
Having tak'n cold and their sweet murmurs lost?
If thou thy faults or fortunes wouldst lament
With just solemnity, do it in Lent.
At court the spring already advanced is,
The sun stays longer up; and yet not his
The glory is; far other, other fires:
First zeal to prince and state, then Love's desires,

Burn in one breast, and, like heav'n's two great lights,
The first doth govern days, the other nights:
And then that early light which did appear
Before the sun and moon created were,
The prince's favour, is diffus'd o'er all,
From which all fortunes, names, and natures, fall;
Then from those wombs of stars, the bride's bright eyes,
At ev'ry glance a constellation flies,
And sows the court with stars, and doth prevent
In light and power the all-ey'd firmament.
First her eyes kindle other ladies' eyes,
Then from their beams, their jewels, lustres rise,
And from their jewels torches do take fire,
And all is warmth, and light, and good desire.
Most other courts, alas! are like to hell,
Where in dark plots fire without light doth dwell;
Or but like stoves, for lust and envy get
Continual but artificial heat.
Here zeal and love, grown one, all clouds digest,
And make our court an everlasting East;
And canst thou be from thence?

IDIOS. No, I am there:
As heav'n, to men dispos'd, is ev'ry where;
So are those courts whose princes animate
Not only all their house but all their state.
Let no man think, because he 's full, he 'hath all:
Kings (as their pattern, God) are liberal

And comprehend the blessings they bestow.
So reclus'd hermits often times do know
More of Heaven's glory than a worldling can.
As man is of the world, the heart of man
Is an epitome of God's great book
Of creatures, and men need no farther look;
So 'tis the country of courts, where sweet peace doth,
As their own common soul, give life to both:
And am I then from court?

ALLOPHANES. Dreamer! thou art:
Think'st thou, Fantastique! that thou hast a part
In the Indian fleet, because thou hast
A little spice or amber in thy taste?
Because thou art not frozen, art thou warm?
Seest thou all good, because thou seest no harm?
The earth doth in her inner bowels hold
Stuff well dispos'd, and which would fain be gold,
But never shall, except it chance to lie
So upward, that Heav'n gild it with his eye.
As for divine things, faith comes from above,
So, for best civil use all tinctures move
From higher powers: from God religion springs,
Wisdom and honour from the use of kings;
Then unbeguile thyself, and know with me,
That angels, tho' on earth employ'd they be,
Are still in heav'n; so is he still at home
That doth abroad to honest actions come.

Chide thyself then, O Fool! which yesterday
Might'st have read more than all thy books bew
Hast thou a history which doth present
A court where all affections do assent
Unto the king's, and that that king's are just?
And where it is no levity to trust,
Where there is no ambition but t' obey,
Where men need whisper nothing and yet may;
Where the king's favours are so plac'd, that all
Find that the king therein is liberal
To them, in him, because his favours bend
To virtue, to the which they all pretend?
Thou hast no such, yet here was this, and more;
An carnest lover, wise then, and before.
Our little Cupid hath sued livery,
And is no more in his minority:
He is admitted now into that breast
Where the king's counsels and his secrets rest.
What hast thou lost? O ignorant man!
Idios. I know
All this, and only therefore I withdrew.
To know and feel all this, and not to have
Words to express it, makes a man a grave
Of his own thoughts: I would not therefore stay
At a great feast, having no grace to say;
And yet I 'scap'd not here; for being come
Of the common joy, I utter'd some.

Read then this nuptial-song, which was not made
Either the court or men's hearts to invade;
But since I'm dead and buried, I could frame
No epitaph which might advance my fame
So much as this poor song, which testifies
I did unto that day some sacrifice.

I. THE TIME OF THE MARRIAGE.

Thou art reprieved, and thou shalt not die,
Tho' thou upon thy d[illegible]
And shouldst within [illegible] 110
Yet thou art rescu'd [illegible]
Than thy old soul, th[illegible]
When he doth in his largest circle run.
The passage of the West or East would thaw,
And open wide their easy liquid jaw
To all our ships, could a Promethean art
Either unto the Northern Pole impart
The fire of these inflaming eyes, or of this loving heart.

II. EQUALITY OF PERSONS.

But, undiscerning Muse! which heart, which eyes,
In this new couple dost thou prize, 120
When his eye as inflaming is
As her's, and her heart loves as well as his?
Be try'd by beauty, and then
The bridegroom is a maid, and not a man;

If by that manly courage they be try'd
Which scorns unjust opinion, then the bride
Becomes a man: should chance or envy's art
Divide these two, whom Nature scarce did part,
Since both have the inflaming eye, and both the loving heart?

III. RAISING OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

THO' it be some divorce to think of you
Single, so much one are you two,
Let me here contemplate thee
First, chearful Bridegroom! and first let me see
How thou prevent'st the sun,
And his red foaming horses dost outrun;
How, having laid down in thy sovereign's breast
All businesses, from thence to re-invest
Them, when these triumphs cease, thou forward art
To shew to her, who doth the like impart,
The fire of thy inflaming eyes, and of thy loving heart.

IV. RAISING OF THE BRIDE.

BUT now to thee, fair Bride! it is some wrong
To think thou wert in bed so long;
Since soon thou liest down first, 'tis fit
Thou in first rising should allow for it.
Powder thy radiant hair,
Which if without such ashes thou wouldst wear,

Thou who, to all which come to look upon,
Wert meant for Phœbus, wouldst be Phaeton.
For our ease give thine eyes th' unusual part
Of joy, a tear; so quench'd thou may'st impart
To us that come thy' inflaming eyes, to him thy loving heart.

V. HER APPARELLING.

Thus thou descend'st to our infirmity,
Who can the sun in water see;
So dost thou when in silk and gold
Thou cloud'st thyself; since we which do behold
Are dust and worms 'tis just
Our objects be the fruits of worms and dust.
Let ev'ry jewel be a glorious star,
Yet stars are not so pure as their spheres are;
And tho' thou stoop t' appear to us in part,
Still in that picture thou intirely art,
Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his loving heart.

VI. GOING TO THE CHAPEL.

Now from your east you issue forth, and we,
As men which thro' a cypress see
The rising sun, do think it two;
So as you go to church do think of you:
But that veil being gone,
By the church rites you are from thenceforth one.

Their souls, tho' long acquainted they had been,
These clothes their bodies never yet had seen;
Therefore at first she modestly might start,
But must forthwith surrender every part heart.
As freely as each to each before gave either hand or

XI. THE GOOD-NIGHT.

Now, as in Thulia's tomb one lamp burnt clear,
Unchang'd for fifteen hundred year,
May these love-lamps we here enshrine
In warmth, light, lasting, equal the divine!
Fire ever doth aspire,
And makes all like itself, turns all to fire,
But ends in ashes; which these cannot do,
For none of these is fuel, but fire too.
This is joy's bonfire then, where love's strong arts
Make of so noble individual parts, hearts.
One fire of four inflaming eyes and of two loving
IDIOS. As I have brought this song, that I may do
A perfect sacrifice, I'll burn it too.
ALLOPH. No, Sir, this paper I have justly got,
For in burnt incense the perfume is not
His only that presents it, but of all.
Whatever celebrates this festival
Is common, since the joy thereof is so.
Nor may yourself be priest: but let me go
Back to the court, and I will lay 't upon
Such altars as prize your devotion

HOLY SONNETS.

I.

Thou hast made me, and shall thy work decay?
Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste;
I run to death, and death meets me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday.
I dare not move my dim eyes any way;
Despair behind, and death before doth cast
Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sin in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh.
Only thou art above, and when t'wards thee
By thy leave I can look, I rise again;
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
That not one hour myself I can sustain:
Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And thou, like adamant, draw mine iron heart.

II.

As due by many titles, I resign
Myself to thee, O God! First I was made
By thee; and for thee; and when I was decay'd
Thy blood bought that, the which before was thine.
I am thy son, made with thyself to shine,
Thy servant, whose pains thou hast still repay'd,
Thy sheep, thine image; and, till I betray'd
Myself, a temple of thy Spirit divine.

Why doth the devil then usurp on me?
Why doth he steal, nay, ravish, that 's thy right
Except thou rise, and for thine own work fight,
Oh! I shall soon despair, when I shall see
That thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt not c
And Satan hates me, yet is loth to lose me.

III.

Oh! might these sighs and tears return again
Into my breast and eyes which I have spent,
That I might, in this holy discontent,
Mourn with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vain?
In mine idolatry what show'rs of rain
Mine eyes did waste? what griefs my heart did rent?
That suffrance was my sin I now repent;
'Cause I did suffer, I must suffer pain.
Th' hydroptic drunkard, and night-scouting thief,
The itchy lecher, and self-tickling proud,
Have th' remembrance of past joys for relief
Of coming ills. To (poor) me is allow'd
No ease, for long yet vehement grief hath been
Th' effect and cause, the punishment and sin.

IV.

Oh! my black soul! now thou art summoned
By Sickness, Death's herald and champion,
Thou 'rt like a pilgrim which abroad hath done

Treason, and durst not turn to whence he is fled;
Or like a thief, which, till death's doom be read,
Wisheth himself delivered from prison;
But damn'd, and hawl'd to execution,
Wisheth that still he might b' imprisoned:
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lack;
But who shall give thee that grace to begin?
Oh! make thyself with holy mourning black,
And red with blushing as thou art with sin;
Or wash thee in Christ's blood, which hath this might,
That, being red, it dyes red souls to white.

I AM a little world made cunningly
Of elements and an angelic spright;
But black sin hath betray'd to endless night
My world's both parts, and (oh!) both parts must die.
You, which beyond that heav'n, which was most high,
Have found new spheres, and of new land can write,
Pour new seas in mine eyes, that so I might
Drown my world with my weeping earnestly,
Or wash it, if it must be drown'd no more:
But, oh! it must be burnt: alas! the fire
Of lust and envy burnt it heretofore,
And made it fouler: let their flames retire,
And burn me, O Lord! with a fiery zeal
Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heal.

VI.

THIS is my play's last scene; here Heavens appoint
My pilgrimage's last smile; and my race,
Idly yet quickly run, hath this last pace,
My span's last inch, my minute's latest point,
And gluttonous Death will instantly unjoint
My body and soul, and I shall sleep a space:
But my' ever-waking part shall see that face
Whose fear already shakes my every joint.
Then as my soul to heav'n, her first seat, takes flight,
And earth-born body in the earth shall dwell,
So fall my sins, that all may have their right,
To where they 're bred, and would press me to hell.
Impute me righteous; thus purg'd of evil,
For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devil.

VII.

AT the round earth's imagin'd corners blow
Your trumpets, Angels! and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go,
All whom th' flood did, and fire shall, overthrow;
All whom war, death, age, ague's tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance, hath slain; and you whose eyes
Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe.
But let them sleep, Lord! and me mourn a space;
For if above all these my sins abound,
'Tis late to ask abundance of thy grace
When we are there. Here on this holy ground

Teach me how to repent, for that's as good
As if thou hadst seal'd my pardon with thy blood. 14

VIII.

If faithful souls be alike glorify'd
As angels, then my father's soul doth see,
And adds this ev'n to full felicity,
That valiantly I hell's wide mouth o'erstride;
But if our minds to these souls be descry'd
By circumstances and by signs that be
Apparent in us not immediately,
How shall my mind's white truth by them be try'd?
They see idolatrous lovers weep and mourn,
And stile blasphemous conjurers to call 10
On Jesus' name, and Pharisaical
Dissemblers feign devotion. Then turn,
O pensive Soul! to God, for he knows best
Thy grief, for he put it into my breast. 14

IX.

If poisonous minerals, and if that tree
Whose fruit threw death on (else immortal) us;
If lecherous goats, if serpents envious,
Cannot be damn'd, alas! why should I be?
Why should intent or reason, born in me,
Make sins, else equal, in me more heinous?
And mercy being easy and glorious

To God, in his stern wrath why threatens he?
But who am I that dare dispute with thee!
O God! oh! of thine only worthy blood,
And my tears, make a heav'nly Lethean flood,
And drown in it my sin's black memory:
That thou remember them some claim as debt,
I think it mercy if thou wilt forget.

X.

Death! be not proud, tho' some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death! nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow;
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery. [men,
Thou'rt slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate
And dost with poison, war, and sickness, dwell,
And poppy' or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou, then?
One short sleep past we wake eternally;
And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

XI.

Spit in my face, you Jews, and pierce my side,
Buffet and scoff, scourge and crucify me,
For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd, and only he
Who could do no iniquity hath dy'd,

But by my death cannot be satisfy'd
My sins, which pass the Jews' impiety:
They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
Crucify him daily, being now glorify'd.
O let me then his strange love still admire.
Kings pardon, but he bore our punishment;
As Jacob came, cloth'd in vile harsh attire,
But to supplant, and with gainful intent:
God cloth'd himself in vile man's flesh, that so
He might be weak enough to suffer woe.

XII.

Why are we by all creatures waited on?
Why do the prodigal elements supply
Life and food to me, being more pure than I,
Simpler, and further from corruption?
Why brook'st thou, ignorant horse! subjection?
Why do you, bull and boar, so sillily
Dissemble weakness, and by one man's stroke die,
Whose whole kind you might swallow and feed upon?
Weaker I am, woe 's me! and worse than you:
You have not sinn'd, nor need be timorous,
But wonder at a greater, for to us
Created nature doth these things subdue;
But their Creator, whom sin nor nature ty'd,
For us, his creatures and his foes, hath dy'd.

XIII.

What if this present were the world's last night?
Mark in my heart, O Soul! where thou dost dwell,
The picture of Christ crucify'd, and tell
Whether his countenance can thee affright;
Tears in his eyes quench the amazing light;
Blood fills his frowns, which from his pierc'd head fell.
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell
Which pray'd forgiveness for his foes' fierce spite?
No, no; but as in my idolatry
I said to all my profane mistresses,
Beauty of pity, foulness only is
A sign of rigour, so I say to thee:
To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd;
This beauteous form assumes a piteous mind.

XIV.

Batter my heart, three-person'd God, for you
As yet but knock; breathe, shine, and seek to mend,
That I may rise and stand; o'erthrow me', and bend
Your force to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
I, like an usurp'd town, to another due,
Labour t'admit you, but, oh! to no end:
Reason, your viceroy' in me, we should defend,
But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue;
Yet dearly I love you, and would be lov'd fain,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy.

Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again;
Take me to you, imprison me; for I,
Except you' enthrall me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me. 14

XV.

Wilt thou love God as he thee? then digest,
My Soul! this wholesome meditation,
How God the Spirit, by angels waited on
In heav'n, doth make his temple in thy breast.
The Father having begot a Son most blest,
And still begetting, (for he ne'er begun)
Hath deign'd to chuse thee by adoption,
Coheir to' his glory', and Sabbath's endless rest:
And as a robb'd man, which by search doth find
His stol'n stuff sold, must lose or buy 't again; 10
The Son of Glory came down and was slain,
Us, whom he 'had made, and Satan stole, t' unbind.
'Twas much that man was made like God before,
But that God should be made like man much more. 14

XVI.

Father, part of his double interest
Unto thy kingdom thy Son gives to me;
His jointure, in the knotty Trinity
He keeps, and gives to me his death's conquest.
This Lamb, whose death with life the world hath blest,

Was from the world's beginning slain, and he
Hath made two wills which, with the legacy
Of his and thy kingdom, thy sons invest:
Yet such are these laws, that men argue yet
Whether a man those statutes can fulfill:
None doth; but thy all-healing grace and Spirit
Revive again what law and letter kill.
Thy law's abridgment and thy last command
Is all but love; O, let this last will stand!

ODE.

I.

VENGEANCE will sit above our faults; but till
She there to sit
We see her not nor them. Thus blind, yet still
We lead her way; and thus whilst we do ill
We suffer it.

II.

Unhappy he whom youth makes not beware
Of doing ill:
Enough we labour under age and care:
In number th' errors of the last place are
The greatest still.

III.

Yet we, that should the ill we now begin
As soon repent,
(Strange thing!) perceive not; our faults are not seen,
But past us; neither felt, but only in
The punishment.

IV.

But we know ourselves least; mere outward shows
Our minds so store,
That our souls, no more than our eyes, disclose
But form and colour: only he who knows
Himself knows more.

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WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

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Who to thy one all other brains refuse;
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Came forth example, and remain so yet;
Longer a knowing than most wits do live,
And which no' affection praise enough can give;
To it thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a strife;
All which I mean to praise, and yet I would,
But leave because I cannot as I should.

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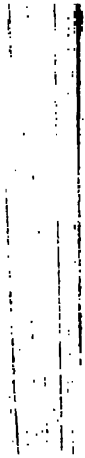

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CONTAINING HIS

SONGS, SONNETS, DIVINE POEMS, & EPIGRAMS.

I will not draw the envy to engross
All thy perfections, or weep all our loss;
Those are too num'rous for an elegie,
And this too great to be express'd by me.
Tho' ev'ry pen should share a distinct part,
Yet thou art theme enough to try all art.
Let others carve the rest; it shall suffice
I on thy tomb this epitaph incise:
Here lies a king that rul'd, as he thought fit,
The universal monarchy of wit;
Here lie two flamens, and both those the best,
Apollo's first, at last the true God's priest.

THO. CARY

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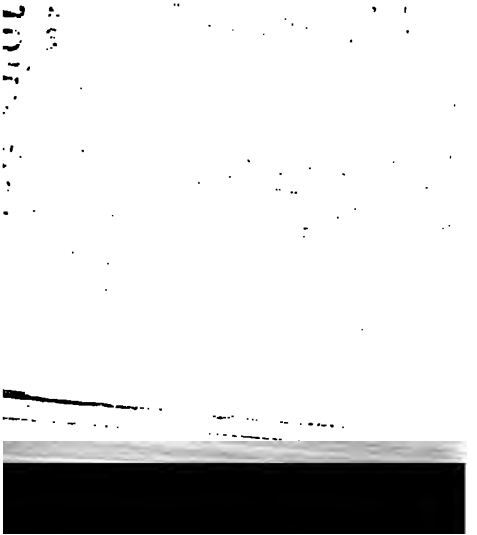

POEMS, SONGS, SONNETS.

THE FLEA.

Mark but this Flea, and mark, in this
How little that which thou deny'st me is;
Me it suck'd first, and now sucks thee,
And in this Flea our two bloods mingled be.
Confess it: this cannot be said
A sin or shame, or loss of maidenhead;
Yet this enjoys before it woo,
And pamper'd swells with one blood made of two;
And this, alas! is more than we could do.

Oh! stay; three lives in one Flea spare,
Where we almost, nay, more than marry'd are.
This Flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed and marriage temple is.
Tho' parents grudge, and you, we 're met,
And cloister'd in these living walls of jet;
Tho' use make you apt to kill me,
Let not to that self-murder added be,
And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since
Purpled thy nail in blood of innocence?
Wherein could this Flea guilty be,
Except in that blood which it suck'd from thee?
Yet thou triumph'st, and say'st that thou
Find'st not thyself nor me the weaker now:
'Tis true; then learn how false fears be:
Just so much honour, when thou yield'st to me,
Will waste, as this Flea's death took life from thee.

THE GOOD-MORROW.

I WONDER, by my troth! what thou and I
Did till we lov'd? Were we not wean'd till then,
But suck'd on childish pleasures sillily?
Or slumber'd we in the seven-sleepers' den?
'Twas so; but as all pleasures fancies be,
If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desir'd and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now Good-morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another out of fear;
For love, all love of other sights controuls,
And makes one little room an every-where.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let maps to other worlds our world have shown,
Let us possess one world; each hath one, and is one

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest:
Where can we find two fitter hemispheres
Without sharp North, without declining West?
Whatever dies was not mix'd equally.
If our two loves be one, both thou and I
Love just alike in all; none of these loves can die.

SONG.

Go, and catch a fal sta
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all times past are,
Or who cleft the devil's foot:
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
Things invisible go see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
Till age snow white hairs on thee:
Thou, when thou return'st wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And swear
No where
nan true and fair.

If thou find'st one let me know,
Such a pilgrimage were sweet;
Yet do not; I would not go,
Tho' at next door we might meet.
Tho' she were true when you met her,
And last till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will be
False ere I come to two or three.

WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

Now thou hast lov'd me one whole day,
To-morrow when thou leav'st what wilt thou say?
Wilt thou then antedate some new-made vow?
Or say that now
We are not just those persons which we were?
Or that oaths, made in reverential fear
Of love and his wrath, any may forswear?
Or, as true deaths true marriages untie,
So lovers' contracts, images of those,
Bind but till Sleep, Death's image, them unloose?
Or, your own end to justify
For having purpos'd change and falsehood, you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true?
Vain lunatic! against these scapes I could
Dispute and conquer, if I would;
Which I abstain to do,
For by to-morrow I may think so too.

THE UNDERTAKING.

I HAVE done one braver thing
Than all the Worthies did,
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is, to kep that hid.

It were but madness now t' impart
The skill of specular stone,
When he which can have learn'd the art
To cut it can find none.

So if I now should utter this,
Others (because no more
Such stuff to work upon there is)
Would love but as before.

But he who loveliness within
Hath found, all outward loathes;
For he who colour loves and skin,
Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also do
Virtue in woman see,
And dare love that; and say so too,
And forget the he and she;

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CANONIZATION.

For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love,
Or chide my palsy or my gout,
My five grey hairs or ruin'd fortune's flout;
With wealth your state, your mind with arts improve.
Take you a course, get you a place,
Observe his Honour or his Grace,
Or the King's real or his stamped face
Contemplate; what you will approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas! alas! who's injur'd by my love?
What merchants' ships have my sighs drown'd?
Who says my tears have overflow'd his ground?
When did my colds a forward spring remove?
When did the heats which my reins fill
Add one more to the plaugy bill?
Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still
Litigious men whom quarrels move,
Tho' she and I do love.

Call 's what you will, we are made such by love;
Call her one, me another flie;
We 'are tapers too, and at our own cost die;
And we in us find th' eagle and the dove;

The phœnix riddle hath more wit
By us; we two, being one, are it;
So to one neutral thing both sexes sit.
We die and rise the same, and prove
Mysterious by this love.

We can die by it, if not live by love.
And if unfit for tomb or hearse
Our legend be, it will be fit for verse;
And if no piece of chronicle we prove,
We 'll build in sonnets pretty rooms.
As well a well-wrought urn becomes
The greatest ashes as half-acre tombs;
And by those hymns all shall approve
Us canoniz'd for love:

And thus invoke us, you whom reverend love
Made one another's hermitage;
You to whom love was peace, that now is rage,
Who did the whole world's soul contract, and drove
Into the glasses of your eyes,
So made such mirrors and such spies,
That they did all to you epitomize.
Countries, towns, courts, beg from above
A pattern of our love.

THE TRIPLE FOOL.

I am two fools, I know,
For loving, and for saying so
In whining poetry:
But where 's that wise man that would not be I,
If she would not deny?
Then as th' earth's inward narrow crooked lanes
Do purge sea water's fretful salt away,
I thought if I could draw my pains
Thro' rhime's vexation I should them allay.
Grief brought to number cannot be so fierce,
For he tames it that fetters it in verse:
But when I have done so,
Some man, his art or voice to show,
Doth set and sing my pain,
And, by delighting many, frees again
Grief, which verse did restrain.
To love and grief tribute of verse belongs,
But not of such as pleases when 't is read;
Both are increased by such songs;
For both their triumphs so are published,
And I, which was two fools, do so grow three:
Who are a little wise the best fools be.

LOVER'S INFINITENESS.

If yet I have not all thy love,
Dear! I shall never have it all:
I cannot breathe one other sigh to move,
Nor can intreat one other tear to fall;
And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters, I have spent;
Yet no more can be due to me
Than at the bargain made was meant.
If then thy gift of love was partial,
That some for me, some should to others fall,
Dear! I shall never have it all.

Or, if then thou giv'st me all,
All was but all, which thou hadst then:
But if in thy heart since there be, or shall,
New love created be by other men,
Which have their stocks intire, and can in tears,
In sighs, in oaths, in letters, outbid me,
This new love may beget new fears,
For this love was not vow'd by thee;
And yet it was thy gift, being general.
The ground, thy heart, is mine; whatever shall
Grow there, Dear! I should have it all.

Yet I would not have all yet;
[illegible]ll can have no more:

And since my love doth every day admit
New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in store.
Thou canst not every day give me thy heart;
If thou canst give it, then thou never gav'st it.
Lovers riddles are, that tho' thy heart depart,
It stays at home, and thou with losing sav'st it:
But we will love away more liberal
Than changing hearts to join us; so we shall
Be one, and one another's all.

SONG.

Sweetest Love! I do dot go
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me;
But since that I
Must die at last, 't is best
Thus to use myself in jest
By feigned death to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day;
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way:
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Hastier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall!
But come bad chance,
And we join to 't our strength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o'er us t' advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st no wind,
But sigh'st my soul away;
When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lov'st me as thou say'st;
If in thine my life thou waste,
That art the life of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill,
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfill;
But think that we
Are but laid aside to sleep:
They who one another keep
Alive ne'er parted be.

THE LEGACY.

When last I dy'd (and, Dear! I die
As often as from thee I go,
Tho' it be but an hour ago,
And lovers' hours be full eternity)
I can remember yet that I
Something did say, and something did bestow;
Tho' I be dead, which sent me, I might be
Mine own executor and legacy.

I heard me say, tell her anon
That myself, that is you, not I,
Did kill me, and when I felt me die,
I bid me send my heart when I was gone,
But I, alas! could find there none.
When I had ripp'd and search'd where hearts should lie,
It kill'd me again that I, who still was true
In life, in my last will should cozen you.

Yet I found something like a heart,
For colours it and corners had;
It was not good, it was not bad,
It was intire to none, and few had part:
As good as could be made by art
It seem'd, and therefore for our loss be sad.
I meant to send that heart instead of mine;
But oh! no man could hold it, for 'twas thine.

Thy every hair for love to work upon
Is much too much, some fitter must be sought;
For nor in nothing, nor in things
Extreme and scattering bright, can love inhere:
Then as an angel face, and wings
Of air, not pure as it, yet pure doth wear,
So thy love may be my love's sphere.
Just such disparity
As is 'twixt Air's and Angel's purity,
'Twixt women's love and men's will ever be.

BREAK OF DAY.

I.

Stay, O Sweet! and do not rise,
The light that shines comes from thine eyes;
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
Because that you and I must part.
Stay, or else my joys will die,
And perish in their infancy.

II.

'Tis true, 'tis day; what tho' it be?
O! wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise because 'tis light?
Did we lie down because 'twas night?
Love, which, in spite of darkness, brought us hither,
Should, in despite of light, keep us together.

III.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye:
If it could speak as well as spy,
This were the worst that it could say,
That being well I fain would stay,
And that I lov'd my heart and honour so,
That I would not from her that had them go.

IV.

Must business thee from hence remove?
Oh! that's the worst disease of love;
The poor, the foul, the false, love can
Admit, but not the busied man.
He which hath bus'ness, and makes love, doth do
Such wrong as when a married man doth woo.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

All kings, and all their favourites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The sun itself (which makes times as they pass)
Is elder by a year now than it was
When thou and I first one another saw:
All other things to their destruction draw,
Only our love hath no decay:
This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday;
Running, it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my corse;
If one might, death were no divorce.
Alas! as well as other princes, we
(Who prince enough in one another be)
Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears,
Oft' fed with true oaths and with sweet salt tears:
But souls where nothing dwells but love,
(All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
This or a love increased there above,
When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves,
remove.
And then we shall be th'roughly blest,
But now no more than all the rest.
Here upon earth we're kings, and none but we
Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be.
Who is so safe as we? where none can do
Treason to us, except one of us two.
True and false fears let us refrain:
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years, and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore; this is the second of our reign.

A VALEDICTION

OF MY NAME IN THE WINDOW.

I.

My name, ingrav'd herein,
Doth contribute my firmness to this glass,
Which ever since that charm hath been
As hard as that which grav'd it was:
Thine eye will give it price enough to mock
The diamonds of either rock.

II.

'Tis much that glass should be
As all confessing and th'rough-shine as I:
'Tis more that it shews thee to thee,
And clear reflects thee to thine eye.
But all such rules Love's magic can undo;
Here you see me and I see you.

III.

As no one point nor dash,
Which are but accessaries to this name,
The show'rs and tempests can outwash,
So shall all times find me the same:
You this intireness better may fulfill,
Who have the pattern with you still.

IV.

Or if too hard and deep
This learning be for a scratch'd name to teach,
It as a given Death's-head keep,
Lovers' mortality to preach,
Or think this ragged bony name to be
My ruinous anatomy.

V.

Then as all my souls be
Emparadis'd in you (in whom alone
I understand, and grow, and see)
The rafters of my body, bone,
Being still with you, the muscle, sinew, and vein,
Which tile this house, will come again.

VI.

Till my return, repair
And recompact my scatter'd body so,
As all the virtuous powers which are
Fix'd in the stars, are said to flow
Into such characters as graved be,
When those stars had supremacy.

VII.

So since this name was cut
When love and grief their exaltation had,
No door 'gainst this name's influence shut;
As much more loving as more sad
'Twill make thee; and thou shouldst, till I return,
Since I die daily, daily mourn.

VIII.

When thy inconsiderate hand
Flings ope this casement, with my trembling n
To look on one whose wit or land
New battery to thy heart may frame,
Then think this name alive, and that thou thus
In it offend'st my genius.

IX.

And when thy melted maid,
Corrupted by thy lover's gold or page,
His letter at thy pillow' hath laid,
Dispute thou it, and tame thy rage.
If thou to him beginn'st to thaw for this,
May my name step in and hide his.

X.

And if this treason go
To an overt act, and that thou write again,
In superscribing my name flow
Into thy fancy from the pen,
So in forgetting thou rememb'rest right,
And unaware to me shalt write.

XI.

But glass and lines must be
No means our firm substantial love to keep;
Near death inflicts this lethargy,
And thus I murmur in my sleep:
Impute this idle talk to that I go,
For dying men talk often so.

TWICKNAM GARD

Blasted with sighs, and surrounded with tears,
Hither I come to seek the spring,
And at mine eyes, and at mine ears,
Receive such balm as else cures every thing:
But, O! self-traitor, I do bring
The spider Love, wi[illegible]antiates all,
And can convert ma[illegible]
And that this place [illegible]ought
True Paradise, I hav[illegible]t.

'Twere wholesomer [illegible]or me that winter did
Benight the glory of this place,
And that a grave frost did forbid
These trees to laugh and mock me to my face:
But since I cannot this disgrace
Endure, nor leave this garden, Love, let me
Some senseless piece of this place be:
Make me a mandrake, so I may grow here,
Or a stone fountain weeping out my year.

Hither with crystal vials, Lovers! come,
And take my tears, which are love's wine,
And try your mistress' tears at home,
For all are false that taste not just like mine:
Alas! hearts do not in eyes shine,

Nor can you more judge woman's thoughts by tears,
Than by her shadow what she wears.
O perverse sex! where none is true but she,
Who's therefore true, because her truth kills me.

VALEDICTION TO HIS BOOK.

I'll tell thee now (dear Love) what thou shalt do
To anger Destiny, as she doth us;
How I shall stay, tho' she eloigne me thus,
And how posterity shall know it too;
How thine may out-endure
Sybil's glory, and obscure
Her who from Pindar could allure,
And her thro' whose help Lucan is not lame,
And her whose book (they say) Homer did find and name.

Study our manuscripts, those myriads
Of letters which have past 'twixt thee and me;
Thence write our annals, and in them will be,
To all whom love's subliming fire invades,
Rule and example found:
There the faith of any ground
No schismatic will dare to wound,
That sees how Love this grace to us affords,
To make, to keep, to use, to be, these his records.

This Book, as long liv'd as the elements,
Or as the world's form, this all-grav'd tomb,
In cypher writ, or new-made idiom;
We for Love's clergy only' are instruments.
When this Book is made thus,
Should again the ravenous
Vandals and Goths invade us,
Learning were safe in this our universe,
Schools might learn sciences, spheres music, angels [verse.

Here loves divine (since all divinity
Is love or wonder) may find all they seek,
Whether abstracted spiritual love they like,
Their souls exhal'd with what they do not see,
Or loath so to amuse
Faith's infirmities, they chuse
Something which they may see and use;
For tho' mind be the heaven where Love doth sit,
Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it.

Here, more than in their books, may lawyers find,
Both by what titles mistresses are ours,
And how Prerogative these states devours,
Transferr'd from Love himself to womandkind;
Who, tho' from heart and eyes
They exact great subsidies,
Forsake him who on them relies,
And for the cause honour or conscience give;
Chimeras vain as they or their prerogative.

Here statesmen (or of them they which can read)
May of their occupation find the grounds,
Love and their art alike it deadly wounds,
If to consider what 't is one proceed;
In both they do excel
Who the present govern well,
Whose weakness none doth or dares tell.
In this thy Book such will there something see,
As in the Bible some can find out alchymie.

Thus vent thy thoughts; abroad I'll study thee,
As he removes far off that great heights take:
How great love is, presence best trial makes,
But absence tries how long this love will be.
To take a latitude,
Sun or stars are fittiest view'd
At their brightest; but to conclude
Of longitudes, what other way have we,
But to mark when and where the dark eclipses be?

COMMUNITY.

Good we must love, and must hate ill,
For ill is ill, and good good still:
But there are things indifferent,
Which we may neither hate nor love,
But one and then another prove,
As we shall find our fancy bent.

If then at first wise Nature had
Made women either good or bad,
Then some we might hate, and some chuse;
But since she did them so create,
That we may neither love nor hate,
Only this rests, all all may use.

If they were good it would be seen;
Good is as visible as green,
And to all eyes itself betrays:
If they were bad they could not last,
Bad doth itself and others waste;
So they deserve nor blame nor praise.

But they are ours as fruits are ours;
He that but tastes, he that devours,
And he that leaves all, doth as well:
Chang'd loves are but chang'd sorts of meat,
And when he hath the kernel ate,
Who doth not fling away the shell?

LOVE'S GROWTH.

I scarce believe my love to be so pure
As I had thought it was,
Because it doth endure
Vicissitude and season as the grass.
Methinks I lied all winter, when I swore
My love was infinite, if spring make 't more.

But if this medicine, Love, which cures all sorrow
With more, not only be no quintessence,
But mix'd of all stuffs, vexing soul or sense,
And of the sun his active vigour borrow,
Love's not so pure an abstract as they use
To say, which have no mistress but their Muse:
But, as all else, being elemented too,
Love sometimes would contemplate, sometimes do.

And yet no greater, but more eminent,
Love by the spring is grown;
As in the firmament
Stars by the sun are not inlarg'd, but shown.
Gentle love-deeds, as blossoms on a bough,
From love's awakened root do bud out now.

If, as in water stir'd, more circles be
Produc'd by one, love such additions take;
Those, like so many spheres, but one heaven make,
For they are all concentric unto thee:
And tho' each spring do add to love new heat,
As princes do in times of action get
New taxes, and remit them not in peace,
No winter shall abate this spring's encrease.

LOVE'S EXCHANGE.

Love! any devil else but you
Would for a giv'n soul give something too.

At court your fellows every day
Give th' art of rhyming, huntmanship, or play,
For them, which were their own before;
Only I've nothing which gave more,
But am, alas! by being lowly, lower.

I ask no dispensation now
To falsify a tear, a sigh, a vow;
I do not sue from thee to draw
A *Non obstante* on Nature's law;
These are prerogatives; they inhere
In thee and thine; none should forswear,
Except that he Love's minion were.

Give me thy weakness, make me blind
Both ways, as thou and thine, in eyes and mind:
Love! let me never know that this
Is love, or that love childish is:
Let me not know that others know
That she knows my pains, lest that so
A tender shame make me mine own new woe.

If thou give nothing, yet thou 'rt just,
Because I would not thy first motions trust.
Small towns which stand stiff, till great shot
Enforce them, by war's law condition not.
Such in love's warfare is my case,
I may not article for grace,
Having put Love at last to shew this face.

This face, by which he could command
And change th' idolatry of any land;
This face, which, wheresoe'er it comes,
Can call vow'd men from cloysters, dead from tombs,
And melt both poles at once, and store
Deserts with cities, and make more
Mines in the earth than quarries were before.

For this love is inrag'd with me,
Yet kills not. If I must example be
To future rebels; if th' unborn
Must learn, by my being cut up and torn,
Kill and dissect me, Love! for this
Torture against thine own end is:
Rack'd carcasses make ill anatomies.

CONFINED LOVE.

Some man, unworthy to be possessor
Of old or new love, himself being false or weak,
Thought his pain and shame would be lesser
If on womankind he might his anger wreak,
And thence a law did grow,
One might but one man know;
But are other creatures so?

Are sun, moon, or stars, by law forbidden
To smile where they list, or lend away their light?
Are birds divorc'd, or are they chidden
If they leave their mate, or lie abroad all night?
Beasts do no jointures lose
Tho' they new lovers choose;
But we are made worse than those.

Whoe'er rigg'd fair ships to lie in harbours,
And not to seek lands, or not to deal with all?
Or build fair houses, set trees and arbours,
Only to lock up, or else to let them fall?
Good is not good unless
A thousand it possess,
But doth waste with greediness.

THE DREAM.

Dear Love! for nothing less than thee
Would I have broke this happy Dream:
It was a theme
For reason, much too strong for phantasy,
Therefore thou wak'dst me wisely; yet
My Dream thou brok'st not, but continuedst it.
Thou art so true, that thoughts of thee suffice
To make Dreams truths, and fables histories.
Enter these arms; for since thou thought'st it best
Not *to dream all* my Dream, let's act the rest.

As lightning or a taper's light,
Thine eyes, and not thy noise, wak'd me;
Yet I thought thee
(For thou lov'st truth) an angel at first sight;
But when I saw thou saw'st my heart,
And knew'st my thoughts beyond an angel's art,
When thou knew'st what I dreamt, then thou knew'st
Excess of joy would wake me, and cam'st then. [when
I must confess it could not chuse but be
Profane to think thee any thing but thee.

Coming and staying shew'd thee thee,
But rising makes me doubt that now
Thou art not thou.
That Love is weak where Fear's as strong as he;
'Tis not all spirit, pure and brave,
If mixture it of fear, shame, honour, have.
Perchance as torches, which must ready be,
Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with me;
Thou cam'st to kindle, goest to come: then I
Will dream that hope again, but else would die.

A VALEDICTION OF WEEPING.

Let me pour forth
My tears before thy face whilst I stay here,
For thy face coins them, and thy stamp they bear;
And by this mintage they are something worth,

For thus they be
Pregnant of thee:
Fruits of much grief they are emblems of more,
When a tear falls, that thou fall'st, which it bore;
So thou and I are nothing then when on a diverse shore.

On a round ball
A workman, that hath copies by, can lay
An Europe, Afrique, and an Asia,
And quickly make that which was nothing all:
So doth each tear
Which thou doth wear
A globe, yea, world, by that impression grow,
Till thy tears mixt with mine do overflow
This world, by waters sent from thee, my heav'n dissolved so.

O more than moon,
Draw not up seas to drown me in thy sphere;
Weep me not dead in thine arms, but forbear
To teach the sea what it may do too soon:
Let not the wind
Example find
To do me more harm than it purposeth:
Since thou and I sigh one another's breath,
Whoe'er sighs most is cruellest, and hastes the other's death.

LOVE'S ALCHYMY.

Some that have deeper digg'd Love's mine than I,
Say where his centric happiness doth lie:
I've lov'd, and got, and told,
But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,
I should not find that hidden mystery:
Oh! 'tis imposture all:
And as no chymic yet th' elixir got,
But glorifies his pregnant pot,
If by the way to him befall
Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal,
So lovers dream a rich and long delight,
But get a winter-seeming summer's night.

Our ease, our thrift, our honour, and our day,
Shall we for this vain bubble's shadow pay?
Ends love in this, that my man
Can be as happy as I can? If he can
Endure the short scorn of a bridegroom's play,
That loving wretch that swears
'Tis not the bodies marry, but the minds,
Which he in her angelic finds,
Would swear as justly that he hears,
In that day's rude hoarse minstrelsy the spheres.
Hope not for mind in women; at their best
Sweetness and wit they're but mummy possest.

THE CURSE.

Whoever guesses, thinks, or dreams, he knows
Who is my mistress, wither by this Curse;
Him only for his purse
May some dull whore to love dispose,
And then yield unto all that are his foes;
May he be scorn'd by one whom all else scorn,
Forswear to others what to her 'hath sworn,
With fear of missing, shame of getting, torn.

Madness his sorrow, gout his cramp, may he
Make, by but thinking who hath made them such;
And may he feel no touch
Of conscience, but of fame, and be
Anguish'd, not that 't was sin, but that 't was she:
Or may he for her virtue reverence
One that hates him only for impotence,
And equal traitors be she and his sense.

May he dream treason, and believe that he
Meant to perform it, and confess and die,
And no record tell why:
His sons, which none of his may be,
Inherit nothing but his infamy:
Or may he so long parasites have fed,
That he would fain be theirs whom he hath bred,
And at the last be circumvented for bread.

The venom of all stepdames, gamester's gall,
What tyrants and their subjects interwish,
What plants, mine, beasts, fowl, fish,
Can contribute, all ill which all
Prophets or poets spake; and all which shall
Be' annexed in schedules unto this by me
Fall on that man; for if it be a she,
Nature before-hand hath out-cursed me.

THE MESSAGE.

Send home my long-stray'd eyes to me,
Which, oh! too long have dwelt on thee;
But if they there have learn'd such ill,
Such forc'd fashions
And false passions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain;
But if it be taught by thine
To make jestings
Of protestings,
And break both
Word and oath,
Keep it still, 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know and see thy lies,
And may laugh and joy when thou
Art in anguish,
And dost languish
For some one
That will none,
Or prove as false as thou dost now.

A NOCTURNAL

UPON S. LUCIE'S DAY, BEING THE SHORTEST DAY.

'Tis the year's midnight, and it is the day's,
Lucie's, who scarce seven hours herself unmasks.
The sun is spent, and now his flasks
Send forth light squibs, no constant rays;
The world's whole sap is sunk:
The general balm th' hydroptic earth hath drunk,
Whither, as to the bed's-feet, life is shrunk,
Dead and interr'd; yet all these seem to laugh,
Compar'd with me, who am their epitaph.

Study me then, you who shall lovers be
At the next world, that is, at the next spring;
For I am a very dead thing,
In whom Love wrought new alchymy;

For his art did express
A quintessence even from nothingness,
From dull privations and lean emptiness:
He ruin'd me, and I am re-begot
Of absence, darkness, death; things which are not.

All others from all things draw all that's good,
Life, soul, form, spirit, whence they being have;
I, by Love's limbeck, am the grave
Of all, that's nothing. Oft' a flood
Have we two wept, and so
Drown'd the whole world, us two: oft' did we grow
To be two chaoses, when he did show
Care to ought else; and often absences
Withdrew our souls, and made us carcasses.

But I am by her death (which word wrongs her)
Of the first nothing the elixir grown:
Were I a man, that I were one
I needs must know, I should prefer,
If I were any beast,
Some ends, some means; yea plants, yea stones, detest,
And love, all, all some properties invest.
If I an ordinary nothing were,
As shadow, a light and body must be here.

But I am none; nor will my sun renew,
You lovers, for whose sake the lesser sun

At this time to the Goat is run
To fetch new lust, and give it you,
Enjoy your summer all,
Since she enjoys her long night's festival:
Let me prepare towards her, and let me call
This hour her Vigil and her Eve, since this
Both the year's and the day's deep midnight is.

WITCHCRAFT BY A PICTURE.

I FIX mine eye on thine, and there
Pity my Picture burning in thine eye,
My Picture drown'd in a transparent tear,
When I look lower, I espy.
Hadst thou the wicked skill,
By Pictures made and marr'd to kill,
How many ways might'st thou perform thy will?

But now I've drunk thy sweet salt tears,
And tho' thou pour more I'll depart:
My Picture vanished, vanish all fears
That I can be endamag'd by that art.
Tho' thou retain of me
One Picture more, yet that will be,
Being in thine own heart, from all malice free.

THE BAIT.

Come, live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands and crystal brooks,
With silken lines and silver hooks.

There will the river whisp'ring run,
Warm'd by thine eyes more than the su
And there th' inamour'd fish will play,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee than thou him.

If thou to be so seen art loth
By sun or moon, thou dark'nest both;
And if myself have leave to see,
I need not there light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds
Or treacherously poor fish beset
With strangling snare or winding net:

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest,
Or curious traitors sleave silk flies,
Bewitch poor fishes' wand'ring eyes:

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own Bait;
That fish that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas! is wiser far than I.

THE APPARITION.

When by thy scorn, O, Murd'ress! I am dead,
And thou shalt think thee free
Of all solicitation from me,
Then shall my Ghost come to thy bed,
And thee, feign'd Vestal, in worse arms shall see;
Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,
And he, whose thou art, being tir'd before,
Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think
Thou call'st for more,
And in a false sleep even from thee shrink.
And then, poor aspin Wretch! neglected, thou,
Bath'd in a cold quicksilver sweat, wilt lie,
A verier Ghost than I.
What I will say I will not tell thee now,
Lest that preserve thee; and since my love is spent,
I'd rather thou shouldst painfully repent,
Than by my threat'nings rest still innocent.

THE BROKEN HEART.

He is stark mad whoever says
That he hath been in love an hour;
Yet not that love so soon decays,
But that it can in ten less space devour.
Who will believe me if I swear
That I have had the plague a year?
Who would not laugh at me, if I should say
I saw a flash of powder burn a day?

Ah! what a trifle is a heart
If once into Love's hands it come?
All other griefs allow a part
To other griefs, and ask themselves but some:
They come to us, but us Love draws,
He swallows us and never chaws:
By him, as by chain'd shot, whole ranks do die;
He is the tyrant pike, and we the fry.

If 't were not so, what did become
Of my heart when I first saw thee?
I brought a heart into the room,
But from the room I carried none with me:
If it had gone to thee, I know
Mine would have taught thine heart to show
More pity unto me; but Love, alas!
At one first blow did shiver it as glass.

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
Nor any place be empty quite,
Therefore I think my breast hath all
Those pieces still, tho' they do not unite:
And now as broken glasses show
A hundred lesser faces, so
My rags of heart can like, wish, and adore,
But after one such love can love no more.

A VALEDICTION,
FORBIDDING MOURNING.

As virtuous men pass mildly' away,
And whisper to their souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say
Now his breath goes, and some say No:

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods nor sigh-tempests move,
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of the earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Tho' greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Of absence, 'cause it doth remove
The thing which elemented it.

But we by' a love so far refin'd,
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Careless eyes, lips, and hands, to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
Tho' I must go, indure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
To move, but doth if th' other do.

And tho' it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me who must,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run:
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

THE ECSTACY.

Where, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant bank swell'd up, to rest
The violet's declining head,
Sate we on one another's breast,

Our hands were firmly cemented
By a fast balm, which thence did spring,
Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread
Our eyes upon one double string:

So to engraft our hands as yet
Was all the means to make us one,
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation.

As 'twixt two equal armies Fate
Suspends uncertain victory,
Our souls (which, to advance our state,
Were gone out) hung 'twixt her and me:

And, whilst our souls negotiate there,
We like sepulchral statues lay,
All day the same our postures were,
And we said nothing all the day,

If any so by love refin'd
That he souls' language understood,
And by good love were grown all mind,
Within convenient distance stood,

He (tho' he knew not which soul spake,
Because both meant, both spake, the same)
Might thence a new concoction take,
And part far purer than he came.

But we by' a love so far refin'd,
That ourselves know not what it is,
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He (tho' he knew not which soul spake,
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Might thence a new concoction take,
And part far purer than he came.

This Ecstacy doth unperplex
(We said) and tell us what we love;
We see by this it was not sex,
We see, we saw not what did move:

But as all several souls contain
Mixture of things they know not what,
Love these mix'd souls doth mix again,
And makes both one, each this and that.

A single violet transplant,
The strength, the colour, and the size,
(All which before was poor and scant)
Redoubles still and multiplies.

When love with one another so
Inter-animates two souls,
That abler soul, which thence doth flow,
Defects of loveliness controuls.

We then, who are this new soul, know
Of what we are compos'd and made;
For the atoms, of which we grow,
Are soul, whom no change can invade.

But, O, alas! so long, so far,
Our bodies why do we forbear?
They are ours, tho' not we; we are
Th' intelligences, they the spheres.

We owe them thanks, because they thus
Did us to us at first convey,
Yielded their sense's force to us,
Nor are dross to us, but allay.

On man heaven's influence works not so:
But that it first imprints the air;
For soul into the soul may flow,
Tho' it to body first repair.

As our blood labours to beget
Spirits as like souls as it can,
Because such fingers need to knit
That subtle knot which makes us man;

So must pure lovers' souls descend
T' affections and to faculties,
Which sense may reach and apprehend,
Else a great prince in prison lies.

T' our bodies turn we then, and so
Weak men on love reveal'd may look;
Love's mysteries in souls do grow,
But yet the body is the book:

And if some lover, such as we,
Have heard this dialogue of one,
Let him still mark us, he shall see
Small change when we're to bodies grown.

LOVE'S DEITY.

I long to talk with some old lover's ghost,
Who dy'd before the God of Love was born:
I cannot think that he, who then lov'd most,
Sunk so low as to love one which did scorn:
But since this god produc'd a Destiny,
And that vice-nature custom lets it be,
I must love her that loves not me.

Sure they which made him god meant not so much
Nor he in his young godhead practis'd it;
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to passives; correspondency
Only his subject was: it cannot be
Love, till I love her that loves me.

But every modern god will now extend
His vast prerogative as far as Jove,
To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
All is the purlieu of the God of Love.
Oh! were we waken'd by this tyranny
T' ungod this child again, it could not be
I should love her who loves not me.

Rebel and Atheist too, why murmur I,
As tho' I felt the worst that love could do?

Love may make me leave loving, or might try
A deeper plague, to make her love me too,
Which, since she loves before, I'm loth to see
Falsehood is worse than hate; and that must be,
If she whom I love should love me. 28

LOVE'S DIET.

To what a cumbersome unwieldiness
And burdenous corpulence my love had grown!
But that I did, to make it less,
And keep it in proportion,
Give it a Diet, made it feed upon
That which love worst endures, discretion.

Above one sigh a day I allow'd him not,
Of which my fortune and my faults had part;
And if sometimes by stealth he got
A she sigh from my mistress' heart,
And thought to feast on that, I let him see
'Twas neither very sound nor meant to me.

If he wrung from me a tear, I brin'd it so
With scorn or shame, that him it nourish'd not;
If he suck'd her's, I let him know
'Twas not a tear which he had got.
His drink was counterfeit, as was his meat;
Her eyes, which roll t'wards all, weep not, but sweat

This Ecstacy doth unperplex
(We said) and tell us what we love;
We see by this it was not sex,
We see, we saw not what did move:

But as all several souls contain
Mixture of things they know not what,
Love these mix'd souls doth mix again,
And makes both one, each this and that.

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Of what we are compos'd and made;
For the atoms, of which we grow,
Are soul, whom no change can invade.

But, O, alas! so long, so far,
Our bodies why do we forbear?
They are ours, tho' not we; we are
Th' intelligences, they the spheres.

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall
Thro' every part
Can tie those parts, and make me one of all,
Those hairs, which upward grow, and strength and art
Have from a better brain,
Can better do 't; except she meant that I
By this should know my pain,
As prisoners then are manacled when they're con-
demn'd to die.
Whate'er she meant by 't, bury it with me;
For since I am
Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry,
If into other hands these relics came.
As 't was humility
T' afford to it all that a soul can do,
So 't is some bravery,
That since you would have none of me I bury some of
you.

THE BLOSSOM.

Little think'st thou, poor Flow'r!
Whom I have watch'd six or seven days,
And seen thy birth, and seen what every hour
Gave to thy growth, thee to this heighth to raise,
And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough;
Little think'st thou
That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
To-morrow find thee fall'n, or not at all.

Little think'st thou, (poor heart!
That labourest yet to nestle thee,
And think'st, by hovering here, to get a part
In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
And hop'st her stiffness by long siege to bow)
Little think'st thou
That thou to-morrow, ere the sun doth wake,
Must with this sun and me a journey take.

But thou, which lov'st to be
Subtle to plague thyself, will say,
Alas! if you must go, what's that to me?
Here lies my business, and here I will stay:
You go to friends, whose love and means present
Various content
To your eyes, ears, and taste, and every part;
If then your body go, what need your heart?

Well, then stay here; but know,
When thou hast stayed and done thy most,
A naked thinking heart, that makes no show,
Is to a woman but a kind of ghost.
How shall she know my heart? or, having none,
Know thee for one?
Practice may make her know some other part,
But take my word she doth not know a heart.

Meet me at London then
Twenty days hence, and thou shalt see

Me fresher and more fat, by being with men,
Than if I had staid still with her and thee.
For God's sake! if you can, be you so too:
I will give you
There to another friend, whom we shall find
As glad to have my body as my mind.

THE PRIMROSE.

BEING AT MOUNTGOMERY CASTLE,

Upon the hill on which it is situate.

Upon this Primrose hill
(Where, if Heav'n would distill
A shower of rain, each several drop might go
To his own Primrose, and grow manna so;
And where their form and their infinity
Make a terrestrial Galaxy,
As the small stars do in the sky)
I walk to find a true love, and I see
That 'tis not a mere woman that is she,
But must or more or less than woman be.

Yet know I not which flower
I wish, a six or four:
For should my true-love less than woman be,
She were scarce any thing; and then, should she

Be more than woman, she would get above
All thought of sex, and think to move
My heart to study her, and not to love:
Both these were monsters. Since there must reside
Falsehood in woman, I could more abide
She were by art than Nature falsify'd.

Live, Primrose! then, and thrive
With thy true number five;
And women, whom this flower doth represent,
With this mysterious number be content.
Ten is the farthest number; if half ten
Belongs unto each woman, then
Each woman may take half us men:
Or if this will not serve their turn, since all
Numbers are odd or even, since they fall
First into five, women may take us all.

THE RELIQUE.

When my grave is broke up again,
Some second guest to entertain,
(For graves have learn'd that woman-head
To be to more than one-a-bed)
And he that digs it spies
A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,
Will he not let us alone,
And think that there a loving couple lies,

Who thought that this device might be some way
To make their souls, at the last busy day,
Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

If this fall in a time or land
Where mass-devotion doth command,
Then he that digs us up will bring
Us to the bishop or the king,
To make us Reliques; then
Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
A something else thereby:
All women shall adore us, and some men:
And since at such time miracles are sought,
I would have that age, by this paper, taught
What miracles we harmless lovers wrought.

First we lov'd well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what we lov'd, nor why;
Diff'rence of sex we ne'er knew
No more than guardian angels do;
Coming and going we
Perchance might kiss, but yet between those meals
Our hands ne'er touch'd the seals
Which Nature, injur'd by late law, set free:
These miracles we did; but now, alas!
All measure and all language I should pass,
Should I tell what a miracle she was.

THE DAMP.

When I am dead, and doctors know not why,
And my friends' curiosity
Will have me cut up, to survey each part,
And they shall find your picture in mine heart;
You think a sudden damp of love
Will thro' all their senses move,
And work on them as me, and so prefer
Your murder to the name of massacre.

Poor victories! but if you dare be brave,
And pleasure in the conquest have,
First kill th' enormous giant, your disdain,
And let th' enchantress Honour next be slain;
And, like a Goth or Vandal, rise,
Deface records and histories
Of your own acts and triumphs over men,
And without such advantage kill me then.

For I could muster up, as well as you,
My giants and my witches too,
Which are vast Constancy and Secretness;
But these I neither look for nor profess.
Kill me as woman; let me die
As a mere man: do you but try
Your passive valour, and you shall find then,
Naked you've odds enough of any man.

THE DISSOLUTION.

She's dead! and all which die
To their first elements resolve;
And we were mutual elements to us,
And made of one another.
My body then doth her's involve,
And those things, whereof I consist, hereby
In me abundant grow and burdenous
And nourish not, but smother.
My fire of passion, sighs of air,
Water of tears, and earthly sad despair,
Which my materials be,
(But near worn out by Love's security)
She, to my loss, doth by her death repair;
And I might live long wretched so,
But that my fire doth with my fuel grow.
Now as those active kings,
Whose foreign conquest treasure brings,
Receive more, and spend more, and soonest break;
This, (which I am amaz'd that I can speak)
This death hath, with my store,
My use increas'd:
And so my soul, more earnestly releas'd,
Will outstrip her's; as bullets flown before
A later bullet may o'ertake, the powder being more.

A JET RING SENT.

THOU art not so black as my heart,
Nor half so brittle as her heart thou art. [thee be spoke?
What wouldst thou say? shall both our properties by
Nothing more endless, nothing sooner broke.

Marriage-rings are not of this stuff;
Oh! why should ought less precious, or less tough,
Figure our loves? except in thy name thou have bid it
I'm cheap, and nought but fashion; fling me away. [say

Yet stay with me, since thou art come;
Circle this finger's top, which didst her thumb:
Be justly proud, and gladly safe, that thou dost dwell
with me;
She that, oh! broke her faith would soon break thee.

NEGATIVE LOVE.

I NEVER stoop'd so low as they
Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can prey,
Seldom to them which soar no higher
Than virtue or the mind t' admire;
For sense and understanding may
Know what gives fuel to their fire:
My love, tho' silly, is more brave,
For may I miss whene'er I crave,
If I know yet what I would have.

If that be simply perfectest
Which can by no means be exprest
But negatives, my love is so;
To all which all love I say No.
If any who deciphers best,
What we know not (ourselves) can know,
Let him teach me that nothing: this
As yet my ease and comfort is,
Tho' I speed not I cannot miss.

THE PROHIBITION.

TAKE heed of loving me,
At least remember I forbade it thee;
Not that I shall repair my' unthrifty waste
Of breath and blood upon thy sighs and tears,
By being to thee then what to me thou wast;
But so great joy our life at once outwears:
Then, lest thy love by my death frustrate be,
If thou love me, take heed of loving me.

Take heed of hating me,
Or too much triumph in the victory;
Not that I shall be mine own officer,
And hate with hate again retaliate;
But thou wilt lose the stile of Conqueror
If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate:
Then, lest my being nothing lessen thee,
If thou hate me, take heed of hating me.

Yet love and hate me too,
So these extremes shall ne'er their office do;
Love me, that I may die the gentler way;
Hate me, because thy love's too great for me:
Or let these two themselves, not me decay;
So shall I live thy stage, not triumph be:
Then lest thy love thou hate and me undo,
O let me live, yet love and hate me too!

THE EXPIRATION.

So, go break off this last lamenting kiss,
Which sucks two souls, and vapours both away.
Turn thou, Ghost! that way, and let me turn this,
And let ourselves benight our happiest day;
As ask none leave to love; nor will we owe
Any so cheap a death as saying, Go.

Go; and if that word have not quite kill'd thee,
Ease me with death, by bidding me go too:
Or if it have, let my word work on me,
And a just office on a murd'rer do:
Except it be too late to kill me so,
Being double dead, going, and bidding Go.

THE COMPUTATION.

From my first twenty years, since yesterday,
I scarce believ'd thou couldst be gone away;
For forty more I fed on favours past,
And forty' on hopes that thou would'st they might last.
Tears drown'd one hundred and sighs blew out two;
A thousand I did neither think nor do,
Or not divide, all being one thought of you;
Or in a thousand more forgot that too.
Yet call not this long life; but think that I
Am, by being dead, immortal. Can ghosts die?

THE PARADOX.

No lover saith I love, nor any other
Can judge a perfect lover;
He thinks that else none can or will agree
That any loves but he.
I cannot say I lov'd, for who can say
He was kill'd yesterday?
Love with excess of heat more young than old;
Death kills with too much cold.
We die but once, and who lov'd last did die;
He that saith twice doth lie:
For tho' he seem to move, and stir a while,
It doth the sense beguile.
Such life is like the light, which bideth yet,
When the life's light is set;

Or like the heat which fire in solid matter
Leaves behind two hours after.
Once I lov'd and dy'd, and am now become
Mine epitaph and tomb.
Here dead men speak their last, and so do I;
Love-slain, lo! here I die.

SONG.

Soul's joy, now I am gone,
And you alone,
(Which cannot be,
Since I must leave myself with thee,
And carry thee with me)
Yet when unto our eyes
Absence denies
Each other's sight,
And makes to us a constant night,
When others change to light;
" O give no way to grief,
" But let belief
" Of mutual love
" This wonder to the vulgar prove,
" Our bodies, not we, move."

Let not thy wit beweep
Words, but sense deep;
For when we miss,

By distance, our hopes-joining bliss,
Ev'n then our souls shall kiss:
Fools have no means to meet
But by their feet:
Why should our clay
Over our spirits so much sway,
To tie us to that way?
"O give no way to grief," &c.

FAREWELL TO LOVE.

WHILST yet to prove
I thought there was some deity in love,
So did I reverence, and gave
Worship, as Atheists at their dying hour
Call what they cannot name an unknown power;
As ignorantly did I crave.
Thus when
Things, not yet known, are coveted by men,
Our desires give them fashion, and so
As they wax lesser fall, as they size grow.

But from late fair
His Highness (sitting in a golden chair)
Is not less cared for after three days
By children, than the thing which lovers so
Blindly admire, and with such worship woo:
Being had, enjoying it decays;

And thence
What before pleas'd them all takes but one sense,
And that so lamely, as it leaves behind
A kind of sorrowing dulness to the mind.

Ah! cannot we,
As well as cocks and lions, jocund be
After such pleasures? unless wise
Nature decreed (since each act, they say,
Diminisheth the length of life a day)
This, as she would man should despise
The sport,
Because that other curse of being short,
And only for a minute made to be
Eager, desires to raise posterity.

Since so, my mind
Shall not desire what no man else can find:
I'll no more dote and run
To pursue things which had endamag'd me;
And when I come where moving beauties be,
As men do when the summer sun
Grows great,
Tho' I admire their greatness, shun their heat;
Each place can afford shadows. If all fail,
'Tis but applying worm-seed to the tail.

SONG.

Dear Love! continue nice and chaste,
For if you yield you do me wrong:
Let duller wits to love's end haste,
I have enough to woo thee long.

All pain and joy is in their way;
The things we fear bring less annoy
Than fear, and hope brings greater joy;
But in themselves they cannot stay.

Small favours will my prayers increase:
Granting my suit you give me all;
And then my prayers must needs surcease,
For I have made your godhead fall.

Beasts cannot wit nor beauty see,
They man's affections only move:
Beasts other sports of love do prove,
With better feelings far than we.

Then, Love! prolong my suit; for thus
By losing sport I sport do win;
And that doth virtue prove in us,
Which ever yet hath been a sin.

My coming near may spy some ill,
And now the world is given to scoff:
To keep my love (then) keep me off,
And so I shall admire thee still.

Say I have made a perfect choice;
Satiety ourselves may kill:
Then give me but thy face and voice,
Mine eye and ear thou canst not fill.

To make me rich (oh!) be not poor;
Give me not all, yet something lend;
So I shall still my suit commend,
And at your will do less or more:
But if to all you condescend,
My Love, our sport, our godhead end.

A LECTURE UPON THE SHADOW.

Stand still, and I will read to thee
A lecture, Love, in Love's philosophy.
These three hours that we have spent
Walking here, two shadows went
Along with us, which we ourselves produc'd;
But now the sun is just above our head,
We do those shadows tread,
And to brave clearness all things are reduc'd.

So whilst our infant loves did grow,
Disguises did, and shadows, flow
From us and our cares; but now 'tis not so.

That love hath not attain'd the high'st degree,
Which is still diligent lest others see;
Except our loves at this noon stay,
We shall new shadows make the other way.
As the first were made to blind
Others, these which come behind
Will work upon ourselves, and blind our eyes.
If our love's faint, and westwardly decline,
To me thou falsely thine,
And I to thee mine, actions shall disguise.
The morning shadows wear away,
But these grow longer all the day;
But, oh! Love's day is short, if love decay.

Love is a growing or full constant light,
And his short minute, after noon, is night.

THE TOKEN.

Send me some Tokens that my hope may live,
Or that my easeless thoughts may sleep and rest;
Send me some honey to make sweet my hive,
That in my passions I may hope the best.

I beg nor ribband wrought with thy own hands,
To knit our loves in the fantastic strain
Of new-touch'd youth; nor ring, to shew the stands
Of our affection, that as that's round and plain
So should our loves meet in simplicity;
No, nor the corals which thy wrist infold,
Lac'd up together in congruity,
To shew our thoughts should rest in the same hold:
No, nor thy picture, tho' most gracious,
And most desired, 'cause 'tis like the best:
Nor witty lines, which are most copious,
Within the writings which thou hast addrest.
Send me nor this nor that t' increase my score,
But swear thou think'st I love thee, and no more.

DIVINE POEMS, &c.

I. LA CORONA.

DEIGN at my hands this crown of prayer and praise,
Weav'd in my lone devout melancholy,
Thou which of good hast, yea, art treasury,
All changing unchang'd, ancient of days;
But do not with a vile crown of frail bays
Reward my Muse's white sincerity,
But what thy thorny crown gain'd that give me,
A crown of glory, which doth flower always:
The ends crown our works, but thou crown'st our ends.
For at our ends begins our endless rest;
The first last end now zealously possest,
With a strong sober thirst my soul attends.
'Tis time that heart and voice be lifted high,
Salvation to all that will is nigh.

II. ANNUNCIATION.

"SALVATION to all that will is nigh;"
That All, which always is all every where,
Which cannot sin, and yet all sins must bear,
Which cannot die, yet cannot choose but die,
Lo, faithful Virgin! yields himself to lie

In prison in thy womb; and tho' he there
Can take no sin, nor thou give, yet he'll wear,
Taken from thence, flesh, which death's force may try.
Ere by the spheres time was created thou
Wast in his mind, who is thy son and brother,
Whom thou conceiv'st conceived; yet thou 'rt now
Thy Maker's maker, and thy Father's mother;
Thou 'hast light in dark, and shutt'st in little room
Immensity, cloister'd in thy dear womb.

III. NATIVITY.

"Immensity, cloister'd in thy dear womb,"
Now leaves his well-belov'd imprisonment;
There he hath made himself to his intent
Weak enough, now into our world to come:
But oh! for thee, for him, hath th' inn no room?
Yet lay him in his stall, and from the orient
Stars and wise men will travel, to prevent
Th' effect of Herod's jealous general doom.
Seest thou my soul! with thy faith's eye, how he,
Which fills all place, yet none holds him, doth lie?
Was not his pity towards thee wondrous high,
That would have need to be pitied by thee?
Kiss him, and with him into Egypt go,
With his kind mother, who partakes thy woe.

IV. TEMPLE.

" With his kind mother, who partakes thy woe,"
Joseph! turn back; see where your child doth sit
Blowing, yea, blowing out those sparks of wit
Which himself on the Doctors did bestow:
The Word but lately could not speak, and, lo,
It suddenly speaks wonders. Whence comes it
That all which was, and all which should be writ,
A shallow-seeming child should deeply know?
His Godhead was not soul to his manhood,
Nor had time mellow'd him to this ripeness:
But as for one which hath a long task 'tis good
With the sun to begin his business,
He in his age's morning thus began,
By miracles exceeding power of man.

V. MIRACLES.

" By miracles exceeding power of man."
He faith in some, envy in some begat;
For what weak spirits admire ambitious hate;
In both affections many to him ran:
But oh! the worst are most, they will and can,
Alas! and do unto th' immaculate,
Whose creature Fate is, now prescribe a fate,
Measuring self-life's infinite to span,

Nay, to an inch. Lo, where, condemned, he
Bears his own cross with pain; yet by and by,
When it bears him, he must bear more and die.
Now thou art lifted up, draw me to thee,
And, at thy death giving such liberal dole;
Moist with one drop of thy blood my dry soul.

VI. RESURRECTION.

"Moist with one drop of thy blood my dry soul,"
Shall (tho' she now be in extreme degree
Too stony hard, and yet too fleshy) be
Freed by that drop from being starv'd, hard, or foul;
And life, by this death abled, shall controul
Death, whom thy death slew; nor shall to me
Fear of first or last death bring misery,
If in thy life's-book my name thou inroll:
Flesh in that long sleep is not putrified,
But made that there of which, and for which 'twas,
Nor can by other means be glorified.
May then sin's sleep, and death soon from me pass,
That, wak'd from both, I again risen may
Salute the last and everlasting day.

VII. ASCENSION.

"Salute the last and everlasting day;"
Joy at th' uprising of this Sun and Son
Ye whose true tears or tribulation
Have purely wash'd or burnt your drossy clay;

Behold the highest, parting hence away,
Lightens the dark clouds which he treads upon;
Nor doth he by ascending shew alone,
But first he, and he first, enters the way.
O strong Ram! which hast batter'd heav'n for me,
Mild Lamb, which with thy blood hast mark'd the path,
Bright torch, which shin'st, that I the way may see,
Oh! with thy own blo[illegible]ench thy own just wrath,
And if thy holy Spiri[illegible]y Muse did raise,
Deign at my hands th[illegible]rown of prayer and praise.

ON THE BLE[illegible]D VIRGIN MARY.

In that, O Queen of queens! thy birth was free
From that which others doth of grace bereave,
When in their mother's womb they life receive,
God, as his sole born daughter, loved thee.

To match thee like thy birth's nobility
He thee his Spirit for his spouse did leave,
By whom thou didst his only Son conceive,
And so wast link'd to all the Trinity.

Cease then, O Queens! that earthly crowns do wear,
To glory in the pomp of earthly things;
I[illegible]ch high respects unto you bear,
[illegible]ughters, wives, and mothers, are of kings,
[illegible]our can unto that queen be done
[illegible] your God for father, spouse, and son?

THE CROSS.

Since Christ embrac'd the Cross itself, dare I,
His image, th' image of his Cross deny?
Would I have profit by the sacrifice,
And dare the chosen altar to despise?
It bore all other sins, but is it fit
That it should bear the sin of scorning it?
Who from the picture would avert his eye,
How would he fly his pains who there did die?
From me no pulpit nor misgrounded law,
Nor scandal taken shall this Cross withdraw;
It shall not, for it cannot; for the loss
Of this Cross were to me another cross;
Better were worse, for no affliction,
No cross is so extreme as to have none.
Who can blot out the Cross, which th' instrument
Of God dew'd on me in the sacrament?
Who can deny me power and liberty
To stretch mine arms, and mine own Cross to be?
Swim, and at every stroke thou art thy Cross:
The mast and yard make one where seas do toss.
Look down, thou spy'st our crosses in small things;
Look up, thou seest birds rais'd on crossed wings.
All the globe's frame and spheres is nothing else
But the meridian's crossing parallels.
Material Crosses then good physic be,
But yet spiritual have chief dignity.

These for extracted chymic medicine serve,
And cure much better, and as well preserve;
Then are you your own physic, or need none,
When still'd or purg'd by tribulation;
For when that cross ungrudg'd unto you sticks,
Then are you to yourself a crucifix.
As perchance carvers do not faces make,
But that way which hid them there do take:
Let Crosses so take what hid Christ in thee,
And be his image, or not his, but he.
But as oft' alchymists do coiners prove,
So may a self-despising get self-love:
And then, as worst surfeits of best meats be,
So is pride issued from humility;
For 'tis no child but monster: therefore cross
Your joy in Crosses, else 'tis double loss;
And cross thy senses, else both they and thou
Must perish soon, and to destruction bow:
For if th' eye see good objects, and will take
No cross from bad, we cannot 'scape a snake.
So with harsh, hard, sour, stinking cross the rest,
Make them indifferent all; nothing best.
But most the eye needs crossing, that can roam
And move! to th' others objects must come home,
And cross thy heart; for that in man alone
Pants downwards, and hath palpitation.
Cross those detortions when it downward tends,
And when it to forbidden heights pretends.

And as the brain, tho' bony, walls doth vent
By sutures, which a cross's form present,
So when thy brain works, ere thou utter it,
Cross and correct concupiscence of wit.
Be covetous of Crosses, let none fall;
Cross no man else, but cross thyself in all.
Then doth the Cross of Christ work faithfully
Within our hearts when we love harmlessly
The Cross's pictures much, and with more care
That Cross's children which our crosses are.

PSALM CXXXVII.

I.

By Euphrates' flow'ry side
We did 'bide,
From dear Juda far absented,
Tearing the air with our cries,
And our eyes
With their streams his stream augmented.

II.

When poor Sion's doleful state,
Desolate,
Sack'd, burned, and inthrall'd,
And the Temple spoil'd, which we
Ne'er should see,
To our mirthless minds we call'd;

III.

Our mute harps, untun'd, unstrung,
Up we hung
On green willows near beside us;
Where we, sitting all forlorn,
Thus in scorn
Our proud spoilers' 'gan deride us.

IV.

Come, sad captives! leave your moans,
And your groans
Under Sion's ruins bury;
Tune your harps, and sing us lays
In the praise
Of your God, and let 's be merry.

V.

Can, ah! can we leave our moans,
And our groans
Under Sion's ruins bury?
Can we in this land sing lays
In the praise
Of our God, and here be merry?

VI.

No; dear Sion! if I yet
Do forget
Thine affliction miserable,
Let my nimble joints become
Stiff and numb,
To touch warbling harp unable.

VII.

Let my tongue lose singing skill,
Let it still
To my parched roof be glew'd,
If in either harp or voice
I rejoice
Till thy joys shall be renew'd.

VIII.

Lord, curse Edom's trait'rous kind;
Bear in mind
In our ruins how they revell'd:
"Sack, kill, burn," they cry'd out still,
"Sack, burn, kill;
"Down with all, let all be levell'd."

IX.

And thou, Babel! when the tide
Of thy pride,
Now a-flowing, grows to turning,
Victor now shall then be thrall,
And shall fall
To as low an ebb of mourning.

X.

Happy he who shall thee waste,
As thou hast
Us, without all mercy, wasted;
And shall make thee taste and see
What poor we,
By thy means, have seen and tasted.

XL.

Happy who thy tender bairns,
From the arms
Of their wailing mothers tearing,
'Gainst the walls shall dash their bones,
Ruthless stones
With their brains and blood besmearing.

RESURRECTION, IMPERFECT.

Sleep, sleep, old Sun! thou canst not have repast
As yet the wound thou took'st on Friday last;
Sleep, then, and rest; the world may bear thy stay,
A better Sun rose before thee to-day;
Who, not content t' enlighten all that dwell
On the earth's face, as thou enlight'ned hell,
And made the dark fires languish in that vale,
As at thy presence here our fires grow pale;
Whose body having walk'd on earth and now
Hast'ning to heav'n, would that he might allow
Himself unto all stations, and fill all,
For these three days become a mineral.
He was all gold when he lay down, but rose
All tincture, and doth not alone dispose
Leaden and iron wills to good, but is
Of pow'r to make ev'n sinful flesh like his.
Had one of those, whose credulous piety
Thought that a soul one might discern and see

Go from a body, at this sepulchre been,
And issuing from the sheet this body seen,
He would have justly thought this body a soul,
If not of any man, yet of the whole.

Desunt cætera.

TO SIR ROBERT CARR.

SIR,

I presume you rather try what you can do in me, than what I can do in verse: you know my uttermost when it was best, and even then I did best when I had least truth for my subjects. In this present case here is so much truth as it defeats all poetry: call, therefore, this paper by what name you will, and if it be not worthy of him, nor of you, nor of me, smother it, and be that the sacrifice. If you had commanded me to have waited on his body to Scotland, and preached there, I would have embraced the obligation with more alacrity; but I thank you that you will command me that which I was loth to do, for even that hath given a tincture of merit to the obedience of

Your poor friend and servant in Christ Jesus,

J. DONNE.

AN HYMN

TO THE SAINTS, AND TO MARQUIS HAMILTON.

WHETHER that soul, which now comes up to you,
Fill any former rank, or make a new;

Whether it take a name nam'd there before,
Or be a name itself, and order more
Than was in heav'n till now; (for may not he
Be so, if every several angel be
A kind alone) whatever order grow
Greater by him in heav'n, we do not so.
One of your orders grows by his access,
But by his loss grow all our orders less.
The name of Father, Master, Friend, the name
Of Subject and of Prince, in one is lame;
Fair faith is damp'd, and conversation black,
The Household widow'd, and the Garter slack;
The Chapel wants an ear, Council a tongue;
Story, a theme, and Music lacks a song.
Blest order! that hath him; the loss of him
Gangrén'd all orders here; all lost a limb!
Never made body such haste to confess
What a soul was; all former comeliness
Fled in a minute, when the soul was gone,
And having lost that beauty would have none:
So fell our monasteries, in an instant grown
Not to less houses, but to heaps of stone;
So sent his body, that fair form it wore,
Unto the sphere of forms, and doth (before
His soul shall fill up his sepulchral stone)
Anticipate a resurrection:
For as it is his fame, now his soul's here,
So in the form thereof his body's there.

And if, fair soul! not with first innocents
Thy station be, but with the penitents,
(And who shall dare to ask then, when I am
Dy'd scarlet in the blood of that pure Lamb,
Whether that colour which is scarlet then
Were black or white before in eyes of men?)
When thou rememb'rest what sins thou didst find
Amongst those many friends now left behind,
And seest such sinners, as they are, with thee
Got thither by repentance, let it be
Thy wish to wish all there, to wish them clean;
Wish him a David, her a Magdalen.

THE ANNUNCIATION AND PASSION.

TAMELY, frail flesh! abstain to-day; to-day
My soul eats twice, Christ hither and away;
She sees him man, so like God made in this,
That of them both a circle emblem is,
Whose first and last concur: this doubtful day
Of feast or fast Christ came and went away.
She sees him nothing twice at once, who 's all;
She sees a cedar plant itself, and fall;
Her Maker put to making, and the head
Of life, at once, not yet alive, and dead:
She sees at once the virgin-mother stay
Reclus'd at home, public at Golgotha.

Sad and rejoic'd she 's seen at once, and seen
At almost fifty, and at scarce fifteen:
At once a son is promis'd her, and gone;
Gabriel gives Christ to her, he her to John:
Not fully a mother, she 's in orbity,
At once receiver and the legacy.
All this, and all between, this day hath shown,
Th' abridgment of Christ's story, which makes one
(As in plain maps the furthest west is east)
Of th' angel's Ave and *Consummatum est*.
How well the church, God's Court of Faculties,
Deals in sometimes and seldom joining these!
As by the self-fix'd pole we never do
Direct our course, but the next star thereto,
Which shews where th' other is, and which we say
(Because it strays not far) doth never stray:
So God by his church, nearest to him, we know,
And stand firm, if we by her motion go;
His spirit, as his fiery pillar, doth
Lead, and his church as cloud; to one end both.
This church, by letting those feasts join, hath shown
Death and conception in mankind are one,
Or 'twas in him the same humility,
That he would be a man and leave to be,
Or as creation he hath made, as God,
With the last judgment but one period;
His imitating spouse would join in one
Manhood's extremes; he shall come, he is gone:

Or as tho' one blood drop, which thence did fall,
Accepted, would have serv'd, he yet shed all:
So tho' the least of his pains, deeds or words,
Would busy a life, she all this day affords.
This treasure then in gross, my soul! up-lay,
And in my life retail it every day.

GOOD-FRIDAY, 1613.

RIDING WESTWARD.

Let man's soul be a sphere, and then in this
Th' intelligence that moves, devotion is;
And as the other spheres, by being grown
Subject to foreign motion, lose their own,
And being by others hurried every day,
Scarce in a year their natural form obey:
Pleasure or business so our souls admit
For their first mover, and are whirl'd by it.
Hence is 't that I am carried t'wards the west
This day, when my soul's form bends to the east;
There I should see a sun by rising set,
And by that setting endless day beget.
But that Christ on his cross did rise and fall,
Sin had eternally benighted all.
Yet dare I almost be glad I do not see
That spectacle of too much weight for me.

Who sees God's face, that is self-life, must die;
What a death were it then to see God die?
It made his own lieutenant, Nature, shrink;
It made his footstool crack, and the sun wink.
Could I behold those hands which span the poles,
And tune all spheres at once, pierc'd with those holes?
Could I behold that endless height which is
Zenith to us and our antipodes,
Humbled below us? or that blood, which is
The seat of all our souls, if not of his,
Made dirt of dust? or that flesh, which was worn
By God for his apparel, ragg'd and torn?
If on these things I durst not look, durst I
On his distressed mother cast mine eye,
Who was God's partner here, and furnish'd thus
Half of that sacrifice which ransom'd us?
Tho' these things, as I ride, be from mine eye,
They 're present yet unto my memory,
For that looks towards them, and thou look'st towards me,
O Saviour! as thou hang'st upon the tree.
I turn my back to thee, but to receive
Corrections, till thy mercies bid thee leave.
O think me worth thine anger; punish me,
Burn off my rust, and my deformity;
Restore thine image so much by thy grace,
That thou may'st know me, and I'll turn my face.

THE LITANY.

I. THE FATHER.

FATHER of heav'n, and him by whom
It, and us for it, and all else for us,
Thou mad'st and govern'st ever, come,
And re-create me, now grown ruinous;
My heart is by dejection clay,
And by self-murder red.
From this red earth, O Father! purge away
All vicious tinctures, that, new fashioned,
I may rise up from death before I'm dead.

II. THE SON.

O SON of God! who seeing two things,
Sin and death, crept in, which were never made,
By bearing one, try'dst with what stings
The other could thine heritage invade,
O be thou nail'd unto my heart,
And crucify'd again:
Part not from it, tho' it from thee would part,
But let it be, by' applying so thy pain,
Drown'd in thy blood, and in thy passion slain.

III. THE HOLY GHOST.

O HOLY GHOST! whose temple I
Am, but of mud walls and condensed dust,
And being sacrilegiously
Half wasted with youth's fires, of pride and lust,
Must with new storms be weather-beat,
Double in my heart thy flame,
Which let devout sad tears intend, and let
(Tho' this glass lanthorn, flesh, do suffer maim)
Fire, sacrifice, priest, altar, be the same.

IV. THE TRINITY.

O BLESSED, glorious Trinity!
Bones to philosophy but milk to faith,
Which, as wise serpents diversly
Most slipp'riness, yet most entanglings hath,
As you distinguish'd (undistinct)
By pow'r, love, knowledge, be,
Give me such self-diff'rent instinct,
Of these let all me elemented be,
Of pow'r to love, to know you unnumb'red Three.

V. THE VIRGIN MARY.

FOR that fair blessed Mother-maid,
Whose flesh redeem'd us, (that she cherubin,

Which unlock'd Paradise, and made
One claim for innocence, and disseiz'd sin;
Whose womb was a strange heav'n, for there
God cloath'd himself, and grew)
Our zealous thanks we pour. As her deeds were
Our helps, so are her prayrs; nor can she sue
In vain who hath such titles unto you.

VI. THE ANGELS.

And since this life our nonage is,
And we in wardship to thine Angels be,
Native in heav'n's fair palaces,
Where we shall be but denizon'd by thee;
As th' earth, conceiving by the sun,
Yields fair diversity,
Yet never knows what course that light doth run;
So let me study that mine actions be
Worthy their sight, tho' blind in how they see.

VII. THE PATRIARCHS.

And let thy Patriarchs' desire
(Those great grandfathers of thy church, which sav
More in the cloud than we in fire,
Whom Nature clear'd more than us grace and law,
And now in heav'n still pray that we

May use our new helps right)
Be satisfy'd, and fructify in me:
Let not my mind be blinder by more light,
Nor faith, by reason added, lose her sight.

VIII. THE PROPHETS.

Thy eagle-sighted Prophets, too,
(Which were thy church's organs, and did sound
That harmony which made of two
One law, and did unite, but not confound;
Those heavenly Poets, which did see
Thy will, and it express
In rythmic feet) in common pray for me,
That I by them excuse not my excess
In seeking secrets or poeticness.

IX. THE APOSTLES.

And thy illustrious zodiac
Of twelve apostles, which ingirt this all,
(From whom wh soe'er do not take
Their light, to dark deep pits thrown down do fall)
As thro' their prayers thou hast let me know
That their books are divine,
May they pray still, and be heard, that I go
Th' old broad way in applying; O decline
Me, when my comment would make thy word mine.

X. THE MARTYRS.

And since thou so desirously
Didst long to die, that long before thou couldst,
And long since thou no more couldst dye,
Thou in thy scatter'd mystic body wouldst
In Abel dye, and ever since
In thine, let their blood come
To beg for us a discreet patience
Of death, or of worse life; for, oh! to some
Not to be martyrs is a martyrdom.

XI. THE CONFESSORS.

Therefore with thee triumpheth there
A virgin squadron of white Confessors,
Whose bloods betroth'd, not married, were
Tender'd, not taken by those ravishers:
They know, and pray that we may know:
In every Christian
Hourly tempestuous persecutions grow.
Temptations martyr us alive. A man
Is to himself a Dioclesian.

XII. THE VIRGINS.

The cold white-snowy nunnery,
(Which, as thy mother, their high abbess, sent
Their bodies back again to thee,
As thou hadst lent them, clean and innocent)
Tho' they have not obtain'd of thee

That or thy church or I
Should keep, as they, our first integrity:
Divorce thou sin in us, or bid it die,
And call chaste widowhood Virginity.

XIII. THE DOCTORS.

The sacred Academ above
Of Doctors, whose pains have unclasp'd and taught
Both books of life to us (for love
To know the Scripture tells us we are wrote
In thy' other book) pray for us there,
That what they have misdone,
Or mis-said, we to that may not adhere;
Their zeal may be our sin. Lord, let us run
Mean ways, and call them stars, but not the sun.

XIV.

And whilst this universal choir,
(That church in triumph, this in warfare here,
Warm'd with one all-partaking fire
Of love, that none be lost, which cost thee dear)
Prays ceaselessly', and thou harken too,
(Since to be gracious
Our task is treble, to pray, hear, and do)
Hear this pray'r, Lord! O Lord! deliver us
From trusting in those prayers, tho' pour'd out thus.

XV.

From being anxious, or secure,
Dead clouds of sadness, or light squibs of mirth,

From thinking that great courts immure
All or no happiness, or that this earth
Is only for our prison fram'd,
Or that thou 'rt covetous
To them thou lov'st, or that they are maim'd,
From reaching this world's sweets: who seek thee thus
With all their might, good Lord! deliver us.

XVI.

From needing danger to be good,
From owing thee yesterday's tears to-day,
From trusting so much to thy blood,
That in that hope we wound our souls away;
From bribing thee with alms t' excuse
Some sin more burdenous;
From light affecting in religion news,
From thinking us all soul, neglecting thus
Our mutual duties, Lord! deliver us.

XVII.

From tempting Satan to tempt us,
By our connivance or slack company;
From measuring ill by vicious,
Neglecting to choak Sin's spawn, vanity;
From indiscreet humility
Which might be scandalous,
And cast reproach on Christianity;
From being spies, or to spies pervious;
From thirst or scorn of fame, deliver us,

XVIII.

Deliver us thro' thy descent
Into the Virgin, whose womb was a place
Of middle kind, and thou being sent
T' ungracious us, stay'dst at her full grace;
And thro' thy poor birth, where first thou
Glorify'dst Poverty,
And yet soon after riches didst allow,
By' accepting king's gifts in th' Epiphany,
Deliver, and make us to both ways free.

XIX.

And thro' that bitter agony,
Which still is th' agony of pious wits,
Disputing what distorted thee,
And interrupted evenness with fits;
And thro' thy free confession,
Tho' thereby they were then
Made blind, so that thou might'st from them have gone,
Good Lord! deliver us; and teach us when
We may not, and we may, blind unjust men.

XX.

Thro' thy submitting all to blows
Thy face, thy robes to spoil, thy fame to scorn;
All ways which rage or justice knows,
And by which thou couldst shew that thou wast born;
And thro' thy gallant humbleness,
Which thou in death didst show,
Dying before thy soul they could express,

Deliver us from death, by dying so
To this world, ere this world do bid us go.

XXI.

When senses, which thy soldiers are,
We arm against thee, and they fight for sin;
When Want, sent but to tame, doth war,
And work Despair a breach to enter in;
When Plenty, God's image and seal,
Makes us idolatrous,
And love it, not him, whom it should reveal;
When we are mov'd to seem religious,
Only to vent wit, Lord! deliver us.

XXII.

In churches when th' infirmity
Of him which speaks diminishes the word;
When Magistrates do misapply
To us, as we judge, lay or ghostly sword;
When Plague, which is thine angel, reigns,
Or Wars, thy champions, sway;
When Heresy, thy second deluge, gains,
In th' hour of death, th' eve of last judgment-day,
Deliver us from the sinister way.

XXIII.

Hear us, O hear us, Lord! to thee
A sinner is more music when he prays,
Than spheres' or angels' praises be
In panegyric hallelujahs;

Hear us; for till thou hear us, Lord!
We know not what to say:
Thine ear to our sighs, tears, thoughts, gives voice and word.
O thou! who Satan heardst in Job's sick day,
Hear thyself now, for thou in us dost pray.

XXIV.

That we may change to evenness
This intermitting aguish piety;
That snatching cramps of wickedness,
And apoplexies of fast sin may die;
That music of thy promises,
Not threats in thunder, may
Awaken us to our just offices;
What in thy book thou dost, or creatures say,
That we may hear, Lord! hear us, when we pray.

XXV.

That our ears' sickness we may cure,
And rectify those labyrinths aright;
That we by hark'ning not procure
Our praise, nor other's dispraise so invite;
That we get not a slipp'riness,
And senselesly decline,
From hearing bold wits jest at king's excess,
T' admit the like of Majesty divine;
That we may lock our ears, Lord! open thine.

XXVI.

That living law, the magistrate,
Which to give us and make us physic doth

Our vices often aggravate;
That preachers, taxing sin before her growth,
That Satan, and invenom'd men,
Which will, if we starve, dine,
When they do most accuse us, may see then
Us to amendment hear them, thee decline;
That we may open our ears, Lord! lock thine.

XXVII.

That Learning, thine embassador,
From thine allegiance we never tempt;
That beauty, Paradise's flow'r,
For physic made, from poison be exempt;
That wit, born apt high good to do,
By dwelling lazily
On Nature's nothing, be not nothing too;
That our affections kill us not, nor die.
Hear us, weak Echoes, O thou ear and cry!

XXVIII.

Son of God! hear us: and since thou,
By taking our blood, ow'st it us again,
Gain to thyself and us allow,
And let not both us and thyself be slain.
O Lamb of God! which took'st our sin,
Which could not stick to thee,
O let it not return to us again!
But patient and physician being free,
As sin is nothing, let it no where be.

UPON THE

TRANSLATION OF THE PSALMS,

By Sir Philip Sidney, and the Countess of Pembroke, his sister.

ETERNAL God! (for whom whoever dare
Seek new expressions do the circle square,
And thrust into straight corners of poor wit
Thee, who art cornerless and infinite)
I would but bless thy name, not name thee now;
(And thy gifts are as infinite as thou:)
Fix we our praises therefore on this one,
That as thy blessed Spirit fell upon
These Psalms' first author in a cloven tongue,
(For 't was a double power by which he sung,
The highest matter in the noblest form)
So thou hast cleft that Spirit, to perform
That work again, and shed it here upon
Two, by their bloods and by thy Spirit one;
A brother and a sister, made by thee
The organ, where thou art the harmony;
Two that make one John Baptist's holy voice;
And who that psalm, "Now let the isles rejoice,"
Have both translated, and apply'd it too;
Both told us what, and taught us how to do.
They shew us islanders our joy, our king;
They tell us why, and teach us how to sing.
Make all this all, three choirs, heav'n, earth, and spheres;
The first, heav'n, hath a song, but no man hears,

The spheres have music, but they have no tongue,
Their harmony is rather danc'd than sung:
But our third choir, to which the first gives ear,
(For angels learn by what the church does here)
This choir hath all. The organist is he
Who hath tun'd God and man, the organ we;
The songs are these which Heav'n's high holy Muse
Whisper'd to David, David to the Jews,
And David's successors in holy zeal
In forms of joy and art do re-reveal
To us so sweetly and sincerely too,
That I must not rejoice as I would do,
When I behold that these Psalms are become
So well attir'd abroad, so ill at home;
So well in chambers, in thy church so ill,
As I can scarce call that Reform'd until
This be reform'd. Would a whole state present
A lesser gift than some one man hath sent?
And shall our church unto our spouse and King
More hoarse, more harsh, than any other, sing?
For that we pray, we praise thy name for this,
Which by this Moses and this Miriam is
Already done; and as those Psalms we call
(Tho' some have other authors) David's all;
So tho' some have, some may some Psalms translate,
We thy Sydnean Psalms shall celebrate;
And till we come th' extemporal song to sing,
(Learned the first hour that we see the King,

Who hath translated those translators) may
These, their sweet learned labours, all the way
Be as our tuning, that when hence we part,
We may fall in with them, and sing our part.

A HYMN TO CHRIST,

AT THE AUTHOR'S LAST GOING INTO GERMANY.

In what torn ship soever I embark,
That ship shall be my emblem of thy ark;
What sea soever swallow me, that flood
Shall be to me an emblem of thy blood.
Tho' thou with clouds of anger do disguise
Thy face, yet thro' that mask I know those eyes,
Which, tho' they turn away sometimes,
They never will despise.

I sacrifice this island unto thee,
And all whom I love here, and who love me;
When I have put this flood 'twixt them and me,
Put thou thy blood betwixt my sins and thee.
As the tree's sap doth seek the root below
In winter, in my winter now I go,
Where none but thee, th' Eternal root
Of true love, I may know.

Nor thou, nor thy religion, dost controul
The amorousness of an harmonious soul;

But thou wouldst have that love thyself: as thou
Art jealous, Lord! so I am jealous now.
Thou lov'st not, till from loving more thou free
My soul: whoever gives, takes liberty.
Oh! if thou car'st not whom I love,
Alas! thou lov'st not me.

Seal then this bill of my divorce to all
On whom those fainter beams of love did fall;
Marry those loves which in youth scatter'd be
On face, wit, hopes, (false mistresses) to thee.
Churches are best for prayer that have least light:
To see God only I go out of sight;
And to 'scape stormy days I chuse
An everlasting night.

ON THE SACRAMENT.

He was the Word that spake it,
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it,
I do believe and take it.

THE LAMENTATION OF JEREMY,

FOR THE MOST PART ACCORDING TO TREMELIUS.

CHAP. I.

1. How sits this city, late most populous,
Thus solitary, and like a widow thus?
Amplest of nations, queen of provinces,
She was, who now thus tributary is.

2. Still in the night she weeps, and her tears fall
Down by her cheeks along, and none of all
Her lovers comfort her. Perfidiously
Her friends have dealt, and now are enemy.

3. Unto great bondage and afflictions
Juda is captive led: those nations
With whom she dwells no place of rest afford;
In straights she meets her persecutor's sword.

4. Empty are th' gates of Sion, and her ways
Mourn, because none come to her solemn days.
Her priests do groan, her maids are comfortless,
And she's unto herself a bitterness.

5. Her foes are grown her head, and live at peace,
Because when her transgressions did encrease
The Lord struck her with sadness. Th' enemy
Doth drive her children to captivity.

6. From Sion's daughter is all beauty gone.
Like harts, which seek for pasture and find none,
Her princes are; and now before the foe,
Which still pursues them, without strength they go.

7. Now in their days of tears, Jerusalem
(Her men slain by the foe, none succouring them)
Remembers what of old she esteem'd most;
Whilst her foes laugh at her for which she 'ath lost.

8. Jerusalem hath sinned, therefore is she
Remov'd, as women in uncleanness be:
Who honour'd, scorn her; for her foulness they
Have seen: herself doth groan, and turn away.

9. Her foulness in her skirts was seen, yet she
Remember'd not her end; miraculously
Therefore she fell, none comforting: Behold,
O Lord! my affliction, for the foe grows bold.

10. Upon all things, where her delight hath been,
The foe hath stretch'd his hand; for she hath seen
Heathen, whom thou commandedst should not do so,
Into her holy Sanctuary go.

11. And all her people groan and seek for bread;
And they have given only to be fed,
All precious things, wherein their pleasure lay.
How cheap I'm grown, O Lord! behold, and weigh.

12. All this concerns not you, who pass by me;
O! see, and mark if any sorrow be
Like to my sorrow, which Jehovah hath
Done to me in the day of his fierce wrath.

13. That fire, which by himself is governed,
He hath cast from heav'n on my bones, and spread
A net before my feet, and me o'erthrown,
And made me languish all the day alone.

14. His hands hath of my sins framed a yoke,
Which wreath'd, and cast upon my neck, hath broke
My strength. The Lord unto those enemies
Hath given me, from whom I cannot rise.

15. He under foot hath trodden in my sight
My strong men; he did company accite
To break my young men; he the wine-press hath
Trod upon Juda's daughter in his wrath.

16. For these things do I weep; mine eye, mine eye
Casts water out; for he which should be nigh
To comfort me is now departed far;
The foe prevails, forlorn my children are.

17. There's none, tho' Sion do stretch out her hand,
To comfort her: it is the Lord's command
That Jacob's foes girt him: Jerusalem
Is as an unclean woman amongst them.

18. But yet the Lord is just and righteous still;
I have rebell'd against his holy will;
O hear, all people! and my sorrow see,
My maids, my young men, in captivity.

19. I called for my lovers then, but they
Deceiv'd me, and my priests and elders lay
Dead in the city; for they sought for meat,
Which should refresh their souls, and none could get.

20. Because I am in straits, Jehovah! see
My heart o'erturn'd, my bowels muddy be;
Because I have rebell'd so much, as fast
The sword without as death within doth waste.

21. Of all which here I mourn, none comforts me;
My foes have heard my grief, and glad they be
That thou hast done it; but thy promis'd day
Will come, when, as I suffer, so shall they.

22. Let all their wickedness appear to thee;
Do unto them as thou hast done to me
For all my sins. The sighs which I have had
Are very many, and my heart is sad.

CHAP. II.

1. How over Sion's daughter hath God hung
His wrath's thick cloud! and from heaven hath flung
To earth the beauty of Israel, and hath
Forgot his footstool in the day of wrath!

2. The Lord unsparingly hath swallowed
All Jacob's dwellings, and demolished
To ground the strength of Juda, and profan'd
The princes of the kingdom and the land.

3. In heat of wrath the horn of Israel he
Hath clean cut off; and, lest the enemy
Be hinder'd, his right hand he doth retire,
But is t'wards Jacob all-devouring fire.

4. Like to an enemy he bent his bow,
His right hand was in posture of a foe;
To kill what Sion's daughter did desire,
'Gainst whom his wrath he poured forth like fire.

5. For like an enemy Jehovah is,
Devouring Israel and his palaces;
Destroying holds, giving additions
To Juda's daughters' lamentations.

6. Like to a garden-hedge he hath cast down
The place where was his congregation,
And Sion's feasts and sabbaths are forgot;
Her king, her priest, his wrath regarded not.

7. The Lord forsakes his altar, and detests
His sanctuary; and in the foes' hands rests
His palace, and the walls, in which their cries
Are heard, as in the true solemnities.

8. The Lord hath cast a line, so to confound
And level Sion's walls unto the ground:
He draws not back his hand, which doth o'erturn
The wall and rampart, which together mourn.

9. The gates are sunk into the ground, and he
Hath broke the bar; their kings and princes be
Amongst the Heathen without law, nor there
Unto the prophets doth the Lord appear.

10. There Sion's elders on the ground are plac'd,
And silence keep; dust on their heads they cast;
In sackcloth have they girt themselves, and low
The virgins towards ground their heads do throw.

11. My bowels are grown muddy, and mine eyes
Are faint with weeping; and my liver lies
Pour'd out upon the ground, for misery
That sucking children in the streets do die.

12. When they had cry'd unto their m[illegible]rs, Where
Shall we have bread and drink? they fa[illegible]d there;
And in the street, like wounded persons, lay,
Till 'twixt their mothers' breasts they went away.

13. Daughter Jerusalem, oh! what may be
A witness or comparison for thee?
Sion, to ease thee, what shall I name like thee?
Thy breach is like the sea; what help can be?

14. For thee vain foolish things thy prophets sought,
Thee thine iniquities they have not taught,
Which might dis-turn thy bondage; but for thee
False burthens and false causes they would see.

15. The passengers do clap their hands and hiss,
And wag their head at thee, and say, "Is this
"That city which so many men did call
"Joy of the earth, and perfectest of all?"

16. Thy foes do gape upon thee, and they hiss,
And gnash their teeth, and say, "Devour we this;
"For this is certainly the day which we
"Expected, and which now we find and see.

17. The Lord hath done that which he purposed,
Fulfill'd his word, of old determined;
He hath thrown down, and not spar'd, and thy foe
Made glad above thee, and advanc'd him so.

18. But now their hearts unto the Lord do call;
Therefore, O walls of Sion! let tears fall
Down like a river day and night; take thee
No rest, but let thine eye incessant be.

19. Arise, cry in the night, pour out thy sins,
Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins;
Lift up thy hands to God, lest children die,
Which, faint for hunger, in the streets do lie.

20. Behold, O Lord! consider unto whom
Thou hast done this; what, shall the women come
To eat their children of a span? shall thy
Prophet and priest be slain in sanctuary?

21. On ground in streets the young and old do lie;
My virgins and young men by sword do die;
Them in the day of thy wrath thou hast slain,
Nothing did thee from killing them contain.

22. As to a solemn feast, all whom I fear'd
Thou call'st about me: when thy wrath appear'd,
None did remain or 'scape; for those which I
Brought up did perish by mine enemy.

CHAP. III.

1. I AM the man which have affliction seen,
Under the rod of God's wrath having been.

2. He hath led me to darkness, not to light,
3. And against me all day his hand doth fight.

4. He hath broke my bones, worn out my flesh and
5. Built up against me; and hath girt me in [skin;
With hemlock, and with labour'd. And set me
In dark, as they who dead for ever be.

7. He hath hedg'd me, lest I 'scape, and added more
To my steel fetters, heavier than before.
8. When I cry out, he shuts my prayer; 9. And hath
Stopp'd with hewn stone my way, and turn'd my path.

10. And like a lion hid in secrecy,
Or bear, which lies in wait, he was to me.
11. He stops my way, tears me, made desolate;
12. And he makes me the mark he shooteth at.

13. He made the children of his quiver pass
Into my reins. 14. I with my people was
All the day long a song and mockery.
15. He hath fill'd me with bitterness, and he
Hath made me drunk with wormwood. 16. He hath burst
My teeth with stones, and covered me with dust.
17. And thus my soul far off from peace was set,
And my prosperity I did forget.

18. My strength, my hope, (unto myself I said)
Which from the Lord should come, is perished.
19. But when my mournings I do think upon,
My wormwood, hemlock, and affliction,
20. My soul is humbled in remembring this;
21. My heart considers; therefore hope there is.
22. 'Tis God's great mercy we're not utterly
Consumed, for his compassions do not die;
23. For every morning they renewed be;
Great, O Lord! is thy fidelity.
24. The Lord is, saith my soul, my portion,
And therefore in him will I hope alone.
25. The Lord is good to them who on him rely,
And to the soul that seeks him earnestly.
26. It is both good to trust, and to attend
The Lord's salvation unto the end.
27. 'Tis good for one his yoke in youth to bear:
28. He sits alone, and doth all speech forbear,
Because he hath borne it: 29. And his mouth he la
Deep in the dust, yet then in hope he stays.
30. He gives his cheeks to whosoever will
Strike him, and so he is reproached still.
31. For not for ever doth the Lord forsake;
32. But when he hath struck with sadness, he doth t

Compassion, as his mercy's infinite.
33. Nor is it with his heart that he doth smite,
34. That under foot the prisoners stamped be,
35. That a man's right the judge himself doth see

To be wrung from him; 36. That he subverted is
In his just cause, the Lord allows not this.
37. Who then will say that ought doth come to pass
But that which by the Lord commanded was?

38. Both good and evil from his mouth proceeds;
39. Why then grieves any man for his misdeeds?
40. Turn we to God, by trying out our ways;
41. To him in heav'n our hands with hearts upraise.

42. We have rebell'd, and fall'n away from thee;
Thou pardon'st not; 43. Usest no clemency;
Pursu'st us, kill'st us, cover'st us with wrath;
44. Cover'st thyself with clouds, that our prayer hath

No pow'r to pass? 45. And thou hast made us fall
As refuse, and off-scouring, to them all.
46. All our foes gape at us. 47. Fear and a snare,
With ruin and with waste, upon us are.

48. With watry rivers doth mine eye o'erflow,
For ruin of my people's daughters so:
49. Mine eye doth drop down tears incessantly,
50. *Until the* Lord look down from heav'n to see.

51. And for my city, daughters: note, mine eye
Doth break mine heart. 52. Causeless mine enemy,
Like a bird, chas'd me. 53. In a dungeon
They've shut my life, and cast on me a stone.

54. Waters flow'd o'er my head, then thought I'm
Destroy'd: 55. I called, Lord! upon thy name
Out of the pit. 56. And thou my voice didst hear.
Oh! from my sight and cry stop not thine ear.

57. Then when I call'd upon thee, thou drew'st nigh
Unto me', and saidst unto me, Do not fear.
58. Thou, Lord! my soul's cause handled hast, and this
Rescu'st my life. 59. O Lord! do thou judge now.
Thou heard'st my wrong. 60. Their vengeance all
they've wrought
61. How they reproach'd thou'st heard, and what they
thought;
62. What their lips utter'd, which against me rose,
And what was ever whisper'd by my foes.

63. I am their song, whether they rise or sit.
64. Give them rewards, Lord! for their working fit.
65. Sorrow of heart, thy curse: 66. And with thy might
Follow', and from under heav'n destroy them quite.

1. How is the gold become so dim! how is
Purest and finest gold [illegible]
The stones, which were [illegible]
Scatter'd in corners of each [illegible]

2. The precious sons of Sion, which should be
Valu'd as purest gold, [illegible]
Low-rated, now [illegible]
Which are the work of a poor potter's hand!

3. Even the sea-calves draw their breasts, and give
Suck to their young: my people's daughters live,
By reason of the foe's great cruelness,
As do the owls in the vast wilderness.

4. And when the sucking child doth strive to draw,
His tongue for thirst cleaves to his upper jaw:
And when for bread the little children cry,
There is no man that doth them satisfy.

They which before were delicately fed,
ow in the streets forlorn have perished:
id they, which ever were in scarlet cloath'd,
and embrace the dunghills which they loath'd

6. The daughters of my people have sinn'd mo
Than did the town of Sodom sin before,
Which being at once destroy'd, there did rem
No hands amongst them to vex them again.

7. But heretofore purer her Nazarite
Was than the snow, and milk was not so wh
As carbuncles did their pure bodies shine;
And all their polish'dness was saphirine.

8. They're darker now than blackness; none c
Them by the face, as thro' the street they go
For now their skin doth cleave unto their bon
And, withered, is like to dry wood grown.

9. Better by sword than famine 'tis to die;
And better th' rough-pierc'd than thro' penur
10. Women, by nature pitiful, have ate
Their children (drest with their own hand) fo

11. Jehovah here fully accomplish'd hath
His indignation, and pour'd forth his wrath;
Kindled a fire in Sion, which hath pow'r
To eat, and her foundations to devour.

12. Nor would the kings of th' earth, nor all w
In the inhabitable world, believe
That any adversary, any foe,
Into Jerusalem should enter so.

13. For the priests [illegible] which have shed
Blood in the streets, and the just murthered.
14. Which, when those men, whom they made blind,
Thorough the streets, defiled by the way, [illegible] stray

With blood, the which impossible it was
Their garment should 'scape touching as they pass,
15. Would cry aloud, "Depart, defiled men,
"Depart, depart, and touch us not!" and then

They fled, and stray'd, and with the Gentiles were,
Yet told their friends they should not long dwell there:
16. For this they're scatter'd by Jehovah's face,
Who never will regard them more. No grace

Unto the old men shall their foe afford,
Nor that they're priests redeem them from the sword:
17. And we as yet, for all these miseries
Desiring our vain help, consume our eyes:

And such a nation as cannot save,
We in desire and speculation have.
18. They hunt our steps, that in the streets we fear
To go; our end is now approached near.

Our days accomplish'd are, this the last day:
19. Eagles of heav'n are not so swift as they
Which follow us; o'er mountains' tops they fly
At us, and for us in the desert lie.

6. The daughters of my people have sinn'd more
Than did the town of Sodom sins before,
Which being at once destroy'd, there did remain
No hands amongst them to vex them again.

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Was than the snow, and milk was not so white:
As carbuncles did their pure bodies shine;
And all their polish'dness was saphirine.

8. They're darker now than blackness; none can know
Them by the face, as thro' the street they go;
For now their skin doth cleave unto their bone,
And, withered, is like to dry wood grown.

9. Better by sword than famine 'tis to die;
And better th' rough-pierc'd than thro' penury.
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Their children (drest with their own hand) for meat.

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His indignation, and pour'd forth his wrath;
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To eat, and her foundations to devour.

12. Nor would the kings of th' earth, nor all which live
In the inhabitable world, believe
That any adversary, any foe,
Into Jerusalem should enter so.

13. For the priests' sins, and prophets' which have shed
Blood in the streets, and the just murthered:
14. Which, when those men, whom they made blind,
Thorough the streets, defiled by the way, [did stray

With blood, the which impossible it was,
Their garment should 'scape touching as they pass,
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17. And we as yet, for all these miseries
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We in desire and speculation have.
18. They hunt our steps, that in the streets we fear
To go; our end is now approached near.

Our days accomplish'd are, this the last day:
19. Eagles of heav'n are not so swift as they
Which follow us; o'er mountains' tops they fly
At us, and for us in the desert lie.

20. The Lord's anointed, breath of our nostrils, he!
Of whom we said, under his shadow we
Shall with more ease under the Heathen dwell,
Into the pit, which these men digged, fell.

21. Rejoice, O Edom's daughter! joyful be,
Thou that inhabit'st Uz; for unto thee
This cup shall pass, and thou with drunkenness
Shall fill thyself, and shew thy nakedness.

22. And then thy sins, O Sion! shall be spent;
The Lord will not leave thee in banishment:
Thy sins, O Edom's daughter! he will see,
And for them pay thee with captivity.

CHAP. V.

1. Remember, O Lord! what is fall'n on us;
See and mark how we are reproached thus.
2. For unto strangers our possession
Is turn'd, our houses unto aliens gone.

3. Our mothers are become as widows, we
As orphans all, and without fathers be.
4. Waters, which are our own, we drink and pay,
And upon our own wood a price they lay.

5. Our persecutors on our necks do sit;
They make us travail, and not intermit.
6. We stretch our hands unto th' Egyptians
To get us bread, and to th' Assyrians.

7. Our fathers did these sins, and are no more;
But we do bear the sins they did before.
8. They are but servants which do rule us thus,
Yet from their hands none would deliver us.

9. With danger of our life our bread we gat,
For in the wilderness the sword did wait.
10. The tempests of this famine we liv'd in
Black as an oven colour'd had our skin.

11. In Juda's cities they the maids abus'd
By force, and so women in Sion us'd.
12. The princes with their hands they hung; no grace
Nor honour gave they to the elder's face.

13. Unto the mill our young men carried are,
And children fell under the wood they bare:
14. Elders the gates, youth did their songs, forbear;
Gone was our joy; our dancings mournings were.

15. Now is the crown fall'n from our head, and woe
Be unto us, because we've sinned so:
16. For this our hearts do languish, and for this
Over our eyes a cloudy dimness is;

17. Because Mount Sion desolate doth lie,
And foxes there do go at liberty.
18. But thou, O Lord! art ever; and thy throne
From generation to generation.

19. Why shouldst thou forget us eternally,
Or leave us thus long in this misery?
20. Restore us, Lord! to thee; that so we may
Return, and, as of old, renew our day.

21. For oughtest thou, O Lord! despise us thus,
22. And to be utterly enrag'd at us?

HYMN TO GOD, MY GOD,

IN MY SICKNESS.

Since I am coming to that holy room
Where with the choir of saints for evermore
I shall be made thy music, as I come
I tune the instrument here at the door,
And what I must do then think here before.

Whilst my physicians, by their love, are grown
Cosmographers, and I their map, who lie
Flat on this bed, that by them may be shown
That this is my south-west discovery
Per fretum febris, by these straights to die.

I joy that in these straights I see my west;
For though those currants yield return to none,
What shall my west hurt me? as west and east
In all flat maps (and I am one) are one,
So death doth touch the resurrection.

Is the Pacific Sea my home? or are
The eastern riches? Is Jerusalem,
Anyan, and Magellan, and Gibraltar?
All straights, and none but straights are ways to them,
Whether where Japheth dwelt, or Cham, or Sem.

We think that Paradise and Calvary,
Christ's cross and Adam's tree, stood in one place;
Look, Lord! and find both Adams met in me:
As the first Adam's sweat surrounds my face,
May the last Adam's blood my soul embrace.

So in his purple wrapp'd receive me, Lord!
By these his thorns give me his other crown;
And as to others' souls I preach'd thy word,
Be this my text, my sermon to mine own;
Therefore, that he may raise, the Lord throws down.

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

I.

Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, tho' it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that sin thro' which I run,
And do run still, tho' still I do deplore?
When thou hast done thou hast not done,
For I have more.

II.

Wilt thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sins their door?
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallow'd in a score?
When thou hast done thou hast not done,
For I have more.

III.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
My last thread I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by thyself that at my death thy Son
Shall shine as he shines now and heretofore;
And having done that thou hast done,
I fear no more.

THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

INFINITATI SACRUM.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

POEMA SATYRICON.

EPISTLE.

OTHERS at the porches and entries of their buildings set their arms, I my picture, if any colours can deliver a mind so plain and flat, and thorough-light as mine. Naturally at a new author I doubt and stick, and do not say quickly Good. I censure much and tax; and this liberty costs me more than others: yet I would not be so rebellious against myself as not to do it since I love it, nor so unjust to others to do it sine talione. *As long as I give them as good hold upon me they must pardon me my things. I forbid no reprehender but him that, like the Trent Council, forbids not books, but authors, damning whatever such a name hath or shall write. None write so ill that he gives not something exemplary to follow or fly. Now, when I begin this book, I have no purpose to come into any man's debt: how my stock will hold out I know not; perchance waste, perchance increase in use. If I do borrow any thing of Antiquity, besides that I make account that I pay it to posterity with as much*

and as good, you shall still find me to acknowledge it, and to thank not him only that hath digged out treasure for me, but that hath lighted me a candle to the place. All which I will bid you remember (for I will have no such readers as I can teach) is, that the Pythagorean doctrine doth not only carry one soul from man to man, nor man to beast, but indifferently to plants also; and, therefore, you must not grudge to find the same soul in an emperor, in a poet horse, and in a maceron, since no unreadiness in the soul, but an indisposition in the organs, works this: And, therefore, though this soul could not move when it was a melon, yet it may remember, and can now tell me, at what lascivious banquet it was served: and though it could not speak when it was a spider, yet it can remember, and now tell me, who used it for poison to attain dignity. However the bodies have dulled her other faculties, her memory hath ever been her own; which makes me so seriously deliver you, by her relation, all her passages, from her first making, when she was that apple which Eve ate, to this time, when she is the whose life you shall find in the end of this book.

e the Progress of a deathless Soul,
m Fate, which God made, but doth not controul,
id in most shapes. All times, before the law
id us, and when, and since, in this I sing,
the great World t' his aged evening,
r infant morn thro' manly noon I draws
at the gold Chaldee or silver Persian saw,
ck brass, or Roman iron, 'tis in this one,
ork t' out-wear Seth's pillars, brick and stone,
(holy writ excepted) made to yield to none.

II.

e, eye of heaven, this great Soul envies not;
hy male force is all we have begot,
be first east thou now beginn'st to shine,
k'st early balm, and island spices there,
I wilt anon in thy loose-rein'd career
Tagus, Po, Seine, Thames, and Danow, dine,
I see at night thy western land of mine;
: hast thou not more nations seen than she
it before thee one day began to be,
l, thy frail light being quench'd, shall long, long outlive thee.

III.

holy Janus, in whose sovereign boat
: church and all the monarchies did float;

That swimming college and free hospital
Of all mankind, that cage and vivary
Of fowls and beasts, in whose womb Destiny
Us and our latest nephews did install,
(From thence are all deriv'd that fill this all)
Didst thou in that great steward-ship embark
So diverse shapes into that floating park,
As have been mov'd and inform'd by this h

IV.

Great Destiny, the commissary of God,
That hast mark'd out a path and period
For every thing; who, where we off-spring too
Our ways and ends seest at one instant: thou
Knot of all causes; thou whose changeless bro
Ne'er smiles nor frowns, O! vouchsafe thou to
And shew my story in thy eternal book,
That (if my prayer be fit) I may understand
So much myself as to know with what hand,
How scant or liberal this my life's race is spann

V.

To my six lustres, almost now out-wore,
Except thy book owe me so many more;
Except my legend be free from the lets
Of steep ambition, sleepy poverty,
Spirit-quenching sickness, dull captivity,
Distracting business, and from beauty's nets,
And all that calls from this and t' others whets;

O! let me not launch out, but let me save
Th' expence of brain and spirit, that my grave
His right and due, a whole unwasted man, may have.

VI.

But if my days be long and good enough,
In vain this sea shall enlarge or enrough
Itself; for I will thro' the wave and foam,
And hold in sad lone ways, a lively spright,
Make my dark heavy Poem light, and light:
For tho' thro' many straights and lands I roam,
I launch at Paradise, and sail t'wards home:
The course I there began shall here be stay'd;
Sails hoisted there struck here, and anchors laid
In Thames which were at Tygris and Euphrates

VII.

For the great Soul which here amongst us now
Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, and brow,
Which as the moon the sea moves us, to hear
Whose story with long patience you will long;
(For 'tis the crown and last strain of my song)
This Soul, to whom Luther and Mahomet were
Prisons of flesh; this Soul, which of' did tear
And mend the wrecks of th' empire, and late Rome,
And liv'd when every great change did come,
Had first in Paradise a low but fatal room.

VIII.

Yet no low room, nor then the greatest, less
If (as devout and sharp men fitly guess)

That cross, our joy and grief, (where nails did tie
That All, which always was all every where,
Which could not sin, and yet all sins did bear,
Which could not die, yet could not chuse but die)
Stood in the self-same room in Calvary
Where first grew the forbidden learned tree;
For on that tree hung in security
This Soul, made by the Maker's will from pulling free.

IX.

Prince of the orchard, fair as dawning morn,
Fenc'd with the law, and ripe as soon as born,
That apple grew which this Soul did enlive,
Till the then climbing serpent, that now creeps
For that offence for which all mankind weeps,
Took it and t' her, whom the first man did wive,
(Whom and her race only forbiddings drive)
He gave it, she t' her husband: both did eat:
So peri hed the eaters and the meat,
And we (for treason taints the blood) thence die and sweat.

X.

Man all at once was there by woman slain,
And one by one we're here slain o'er again
By them. The mother poison'd the well-head;
The daughters here corrupt us rivulets;
No smallness 'scapes, no greatness breaks, their nets:
She thrust us out, and by them we are led
Astray from turning to whence we are fled.

Where prisoners judges 't would seem rigorous;
She sinn'd, we bear; part of our pain is thus
To love them whose fault to this painful love yok'd us.

XI.

So fast in us doth this corruption grow,
That now we dare ask why we should be so.
Would God (disputes the curious rebel) make
A law, and would not have it kept? or can
His creatures' will cross his? Of every man
For one will God (and be just) vengeance take?
Who sinn'd? 't was not forbidden to the snake,
Nor her, who was not then made; nor is 't writ
That Adam cropt or knew the apple; yet
The worm, and she, and he, and we, endure for it.

XII.

But snatch me, heav'nly Spirit! from this vain
Reck'ning their vanity; less is their gain
Than hazard still to meditate on ill,
Tho' with good mind; their reason's like those toys,
Of glassy bubbles which the gamesome boys
Stretch to so nice a thinness thro' a quill,
That they themselves break, and do themselves spill.
Arguing is heretick's game, and exercise,
As wrestlers, perfects them. Not liberties
Of speech, but silence; hands, not tongues, and here-sies.

XIII.

Just in that instant, when the serpent's gripe
Broke the slight veins and tender conduit-pipe

Thro' which this Soul from the tree's root did draw
Life and growth to this apple, fled away
This loose Soul, old, one and another day.

As lightning, which one scarce dare say he saw,
'Tis so soon gone (and better proof the law
Of sense than faith requires) swiftly she flew
T' a dark and foggy plot; her fates threw
There thro' th' earth's pores, and in a plant hous'd her anew.

XIV.

The plant, thus abled, to itself did force
A place where no place was by Nature's course,
As air from water, water fleets away
From thicker bodies; by this root throng'd so
His spungy confines gave him place to grow:
Just as in our streets, when the people stay
To see the prince, and so fill up the way
That weasels scarce could pass; when he comes near,
They throng and cleave up, and a passage clear,
As if for that time their round bodies flatten'd were.

XV.

His right arm he thrust out towards the east,
Westward his left; th' ends did themselves digest
Into ten less'er strings, these fingers were:
And, as a slumb'rer, stretching on his bed,
This way he this and that way scattered
His other leg, which feet with toes up bear;
Grew on his middle part, the first day, hair,

If in her sight he changes, nor doth refuse
The next that calls; both liberty to use.
Where store is of both kinds, both kinds may freely
[chuse.

XXI.

Men, till they took laws which made freedom less,
Their daughters and their sisters did ingress;
Till now unlawful therefore ill, 'twas not;
So jolly, that it can move this Soul. Is
The body so free of his kindnesses,
That self-preserving it hath now forgot,
And slack'neth not the Soul's and body's knot,
Which temp'rance straitens? Freely on his she-friends
He blood and spirit, pith and marrow, spends;
Ill steward of himself, himself in three years ends.

XXII.

Else might he long have liv'd; man did not know
Of gummy blood which doth in holly grow,
How to make bird-lime, nor how to deceive,
With feign'd calls his nets or enwrapping snare,
The free inhabitants of the pliant air.
Man to beget, and woman to conceive,
Ask'd not of roots, nor of cock-sparrows, leave;
Yet chuseth he, tho' none of these he fears,
Pleasantly three; then straiten'd twenty years
To live, and to encrease his race himself outwears.

XXIII.

This coal with overblowing quench'd and dead,
The Soul from her to active organs fled

T' a brook. A female fish's sandy roe
With the male's jelly newly leaven'd
For they had intertouch'd as they did
And one of those small bodies fitted so
This Soul inform'd, and able it to row
Itself with finny oars, which she did fi
Her scales seem'd yet of parchment, a
Perchance a fish, but by no name you

XXIV.

When goodly, like a ship in her full t
A swan so white, that you may unto
Compare all whiteness, but himself to
Glided along, and as he glided watch'd
And with his arched neck this poor fis
It mov'd with state, as if to look upon
Low things it scorn'd; and yet before
Could think he sought it, he had swall
This and much such, and unblam'd;
All but who too swift, too great, or we

XXV.

Now swam a prison in a prison put,
And now this Soul in double walls was
Till melted with the swan's digestive f
She left her house, the fish, and vapour
Fate not affording bodies of more wort
For her as yet, bids her again retire
T' another fish, to any new desire.

Made a new prey; for he that can to none
Resistance make, nor complaint, is sure gone;
Weakness invites, but silence feasts oppression.

XXVI.

Pace with the native stream this fish doth keep,
And journies with her towards the glassy deep,
But oft retarded; once with a hidden net,
Tho' with great windows, (for when need first taught
Those tricks to catch food, then they were not wrought
As now, with curious greediness, to let
None 'scape, but few and fit for use to get)
As in this trap a rav'nous pike was ta'en,
Who, tho' himself distrest, would fain have slain
This wretch; so hardly are ill habits left again.

XXVII.

Here by her smallness she two deaths o'erpast,
Once innocence 'scap'd, and left th' oppressor fast;
The net through swam, she keeps the liquid path,
And whither she leap up sometimes to breathe
And suck in air, or find it underneath,
Or working parts like mills or limbecs hath,
To make the water thin, and air like faith,
Cares not, but safe the place she 's come unto,
Where fresh with salt waves meet, and what to do
She knows not, but between both makes a board or two.

XXVIII.

So far from hiding her guests water is,
That she shews them in bigger quantities

Than they are. Thus her, doubtful of her way,
For game, and not for hunger, a sea-pie
Spy'd thro' his traitorous spectacle from high
The silly fish, where it disputing lay,
And, t' end her doubts and her fears bears her away;
Exalted, she 's but to th' exalter's good;
(As are by great ones men which lowly stood)
It 's rais'd to be the rai.er's instrument and food.

XXIX.

Is any kind subject to rape like fish?
Ill unto man they neither do nor wish;
Fishers they kill not, nor with noise awake;
They do not hunt, nor strive to make a prey
Of beasts, nor their young sons to bear away;
Fowls they pursue not, nor do undertake
To spoil the nests industrious birds do make;
Yet them all these unkind kinds feed upon;
To kill them is an occupation,
And laws make fasts and lents for their destruction.

XXX.

A sudden stiff land-wind in that self hour
To sea-ward forc'd this bird that did devour
The fish; he cares not, for with ease he flies,
Fat gluttony's best orator: at last,
So long he hath flown, and hath flown so fast,
That, leagues o'erpast at sea, now tir'd he lies,
And with his prey, that till then languish'd, dies;
The Souls, no longer foes, two ways did err.

The fish I follow, and keep no calender
Of th' other; he lives yet in some great officer.

XXXI.

Into an embryon fish our Soul is thrown,
And in due time thrown out again, and grown
To such vastness, as if unmanacled
From Greece Morea were, and that, by some
Earthquake unrooted, loose Morea swam;
Or seas from Afric's body had severed
And torn the Hopeful Promontory's head:
This fish would seem these, and, when all hopes fail,
A great ship overset, or without sail,
Hulling, might (when this was a whelp) be like this whale.

XXXII.

At every stroke his brazen fins do take
More circles in the broken sea they make
Than cannons' voices when the air they tear:
His ribs are pillars, and his high arch'd roof
Of bark, that blunts best steel, is thunder-proof:
Swim in him swallow'd dolphins without fear,
And feel no sides, as if his vast womb were
Some inland sea; and ever, as he went,
He spouted rivers up, as if he meant
To join our seas with seas above the firmament.

XXXIII.

He hunts not fish, but as an officer,
Stays in his court, at his own net, and there

All suitors of all sorts themselves enthralls;
So on his back lies this whale wantoning,
And in his gulf-like throat sucks every thing
That passeth near. Fish chaseth fish, and all,
Flyer and follower, in this whirlpool falls:
O! might not states of more equality
Consist? and is it of necessity
That thousand guiltless smalls to make one great will fall?

XXXIV.

Now drinks he up seas, and he eats up flocks;
He jostles islands, and he shakes firm rocks:
Now in a roomful house this Soul doth float,
And, like a prince, she sends her faculties
To all her limbs, distant as provinces.
The sun hath twenty times both Crab and Goat
Parch'd, since first launch'd forth this living boat:
'Tis greatest now, and to destruction
Nearest; there's no pause at perfection;
Greatness a period hath, but hath no station.

XXXV.

Two little fishes, whom he never harm'd,
Nor fed on their kind, two, not th'roughly arm'd
With hope that they could kill him, nor could do
Good to themselves by his death, (they did not eat
His flesh, nor suck those oils which thence outstreat)
Conspir'd against him; and it might undo
The plot of all that the plotters were two,

But that they fishes were, and could not speak.
How shall a tyrant wise strong projects break,
If wretches can on them the common anger wreak?

XXXVI.

The flail'd-fish'd thresher, and steel-beak'd sword-fish
Only attempt to do what all do wish:
The thresher backs him; and to beat begins;
The sluggard whale yields to oppression,
And, to hide himself from shame and danger, down
Begins to sink: the sword-fish upward spins,
And gores him with his beak; his staff-like fins
So well the one, his sword the other, plies,
That, now a scoff and prey, this tyrant dies,
And (his own dole) feeds with himself all companies.

XXXVII.

Who will revenge his death? or who will call
Those to account that thought and wrought his fall?
The heirs of slain kings we see are often so
Transported with the joy of what they get,
That they revenge and obsequies forget;
Nor will against such men the people go,
Because he 's now dead to whom they should show
Love in that act. Some kings by vice, being grown
So needy' of subjects' love, that of their own
They think they lose if love be to the dead prince

XXXVIII.

This Soul, now free from prison and passion,
Hath yet a little indignation

That so small hammers should so soon down beat
So great a castle; and having for her house
Got the strait cloyster of a wretched mouse,
(As basest men, that have not what to eat,
Nor enjoy aught, do far more hate the great
Than they who good repos'd estates possess)
This Soul, late taught that great things might by less
Be slain, to gallant mischief doth herself address.

XXXIX.

Nature's great master-piece, an elephant,
(The only harmless great thing) the giant
Of beasts, who thought none had, to make him wise,
But to be just and thankful, loth t' offend,
(Yet Nature hath giv'n him no knees to bend)
Himself he up-props, on himself relies,
And, foe to none, suspects no enemies,
Still sleeping stood; vext not his fantasy
Black dreams; like an unbent bow carelesly
His sinewy proboscis did remissly lie.

XL.

In which, as in a gallery, this mouse
Walk'd, and survey'd the rooms of this vast house,
And to the brain, the Soul's bed-chamber, went,
And gnaw'd the life-cords there: like a whole town
Clean undermin'd, the slain beast tumbled down;
With him the murth'rer dies, whom envy sent
To kill, not 'scape, (for only he that meant
To die did ever kill a man of better room)

And [illegible] his fee his prey and tomb; 399
Who cares [illegible] back may any whither come.

XLI.

Next hous'd this Soul a wolf's yet unborn whelp,
Till the best side life, Nature, gave it help
To issue; it could kill as soon as go.
Abel, as white and mild as his sheep were,
(Who, in that trade, of church and kingdoms there
Was the first type) was still infested so
With this wolf, that it bred his loss and woe;
And yet his bitch, his centinel, attends
The flock so near, so well warns and defends,
That the wolf (hopeless else) to corrupt her intends.

XLII.

He took a course, which since successfully 411
Great men have often taken, to espy
The counsels, or to break the plots, of foes;
To Abel's tent he stealeth in the dark,
On whose skirts the bitch slept: ere she could bark,
Attach'd her with strait gripes, yet he call'd those
Embracements of love; to love's work he goes,
Where deeds move more than words; nor doth she
Nor much resist, nor needs he streighten so [show,
His prey, for were she loose she would not bark nor go.

XLIII.

He hath engag'd her; his she wholly bides; 421
Who not her own, none others' secrets hides.

If to the flock he come, and Abel there,
She feigns hoarse barkings, but she bites not;
Her faith is quite, but not her love, forgot.
At last a trap, of which some every where
Abel had plac'd, ends all his loss and fear
By the wolf's death, and now just time it was
That a quick Soul should give life to that mass
Of blood in Abel's bitch, and thither this id pass.

XLIV.

Some have their wives, their sisters some begot,
But in the lives of emp'rors you shall not
Read of a lust the which may equal this:
This wolf begot himself, and finished
What he began alive when he was dead.
Son to himself, and father too, he is
A riding lust, for which schoolmen would miss
A proper name. The whelp of both these lay
In Abel's tent, and with soft Moaba,
His sister being young, it us'd to sport and play.

XLV.

He soon for her too harsh and churlish grew,
And Abel (the dam dead) would use this new
For the field; being of two kinds thus made,
He, as his dam, from sheep drove wolves away,
And, as his sire, he made them his own prey.
Five years he liv'd, and cozened with his trade,
Then hopeless that his faults were hid, betray'd
Himself by flight, and by all followed,

ıgs a wolf, from wolves a dog, he fled,
ce a spy, to both sides false, he perished.

XLVI.

'ned next a toyful ape, and so
me it was, that it might freely go
nt to tent, and with the children play:
ins now so like theirs he doth find,
ıy he cannot laugh and speak his mind
lers. Much with all, most he doth stay
dam's fifth daughter, Siphatecia;
ze on her, and where she passeth pass,
her fruits, and tumbles on the grass;
sest of that kind, the first true lover was.

XLVII.

the first that more desir'd to have
n another; first that e'er did crave
mute signs, and had no power to speak;
ıt could make love-faces, or could do
lter's sombersalts, or us'd to woo
ıiting gambols, his own bones to break,
e his mistress merry, or to wreak
er on himself. Sins against kind
ı'ly do that can let feed their mind
ıtward beauty: beauty they in boys and beasts [do find.

XLVIII.

misled, too low things men have prov'd,
high; beasts and angels have been lov'd:

This ape, tho' else th'rough vain, in this was wise;
He reach'd at things too high, but open way
There was, and he knew not she would say Nay.
His toys prevail not; likelier means he tries;
He gazeth on her face with tear-shot eyes,
And uplifts subtlilely, with his russet paw,
Her kid-skin apron without fear or awe
Of Nature: Nature hath no gaol, tho' she hath law.

XLIX.

First she was silly, and knew not what he meant;
That virtue, by his touches chaft and spent,
Succeeds an itchy warmth, that melts her quite;
She knew not first, nor cares not what he doth;
And willing half and more, more than half wrath,
She neither pulls nor pushes, but out-right
Now cries, and now repents; when Thelemite,
Her brother, enter'd and a great stone threw
After the ape, who thus prevented flew:
This house, thus batter'd down, the Soul possesst anew.

L.

And whether by this change she lose or win,
She comes out next where th' ape would have gone in.
Adam and Eve had mingled bloods, and now,
Like chymic's equal fires, her temperate womb
Had stew'd and form'd it; and part did become
A spungy liver, and did richly allow,
Like a free conduit on a high hill's brow,

Life-keeping moisture unto every part;
Part harden'd itself to a thicker heart,
Whose busy furnaces life's spirits do impart.

LI.

Another part became the well of sense,
The tender well-arm'd feeling brain, from whence
Those sinew-strings which do our bodies tie
Are ravell'd out; and fast there by one end
Did this soul limbs, these limbs a soul attend;
And now they join'd, keeping some quality
Of every past shape, she knew treachery,
Rapine, deceit, and lust, and ills enough
To be a woman: Themech she is now,
Sister and wife to Cain, Cain that first did plough.

LII.

Whoe'er thou be'est that read'st this sullen writ,
Which just so much courts thee as thou dost it,
Let me arrest thy thoughts; wonder with me
Why ploughing, building, ruling, and the rest,
Or most of those arts whence our lives are blest,
By cursed Cain's race invented be,
And blest Seth vext us with astronomy.
There's nothing simply good nor ill alone;
Of every quality Comparison
The only measure is, and judge Opinion.

IN SACRAM ANCHORAM PISCATORIS.

G. HERBERT.

Quod crux nequibat fixa, clavique additi,
(Tenere Christum scilicet, ne ascenderet)
Tuive Christum devocans facundia,
Ultra loquendi tempus; addit Anchora:
Nec hoc abundè est tibi, nisi certæ Anchoræ
Addas Sigillum; nempe symbolum suæ
Tibi debet unda et terra certitudinis.

Quondam fessus Amor loquens amato,
Tot et tanta loquens amica, scripsit:
Tandem et fessa manus dedit Sigillum.

Suavis erat, qui scripta dolens lacerando recludi,
Sanctius in regno magni credebat Amoris
(In quo fas nihil est rumpi) donare Sigillum!

Munde, fluas fugiasque licet, nos nostraque fixi;
Deridet motus sancta catena tuos.

Although the cross could not Christ here detain,
Tho' nail'd unto 't, but he ascends again,
Nor yet thy eloquence here keep him still,
But only while thou speak'st this Anchor will:
Nor canst thou be content, unless thou to
This certain Anchor add a Seal; and so
The water and the earth both unto thee
Do owe the symbol of their certainty.

When Love, being weary, made an end
Of kind expressions to his friend,
He writ: when his hand could write no more
He gave the Seal, and so left o'er.

How sweet a friend was he who, being griev'd
His letters were broke rudely up, believ'd
'Twas more secure in great Love's common-weal
(Where nothing should be broke) to add a Seal!

Let the world reel, we and all ours stand sure;
This holy cable is of all storms secure.

TO MR. GEORGE HERBERT.

Sent him with one of my Seals of the Anchor and Olive.

Qui priùs assuetus Serpentum fasce tabellas
Signare (hæc nostræ symbola parva Domûs)
Adscitus domui Domini, patrioque relicto
Stemmate, naneiscor stemmata jure nova.
Hinc mihi Crux, primo quæ fronti impressa laverco,
Finibus extensis, Anchora facta patet.
Anchoræ in effigiem Crux tandem desinit ipsum;
Anchora fit tandem Crux tolerata diu.
Hoc tamen ut fiat, Christo vegetatur ab ipso
Crux, et ab affixo est Anchora facta Jesu.
Nec natalitiis penitus Serpentibus orbor;
Non ita dat Deus, ut auferat ante data.
Quâ sapiens, dos est; quâ terram lambit et ambit,
Pestis; at in nostrâ fit medicina Cruce
Serpens; fixa Crucî si sit Natura; Crucique
A fixo nobis gracia tota fluat.
Omnia cum Crux sint, Crux Anchora fixa, Sigillum
Non tam dicendum hoc, quàm catechismus erit.
Mitto, nec exigua, exiguâ sub imagine, dona,
Pignora amicitiæ, et munera, vota, preces.
Plura ubi accumulet sanctus cognominis Ille,
Regia qui flavo dona Sigillat equo.

A SHEAF OF SNAKES

Used heretofore to be my Seal; the crest of our poor family.

ADOPTED in God's family, and so
Our old coat lost, unto new arms I go.
The Cross (my seal at baptism) spread below,
Does by that form into an Anchor grow.
Crosses grow Anchors: bear, as thou shouldst do,
Thy Cross, and that Cross grows an Anchor too.
But he that makes our Crosses Anchors thus
Is Christ, who there is crucify'd for us.
Yet may I, with this, my first Serpents hold;
God gives new blessings, and yet leaves the old.
The Serpent may, as wise, my pattern be;
My poison, as he feeds on dust, that is me:
And as he rounds the earth to murther sure,
My death he is, but on the Cross my cure.
Crucify Nature then, and then implore
All grace from him crucify'd there before.
When all is Cross, and that Cross Anchor grown,
This Seal is a catechism, not a Seal alone.
Under that little Seal great gifts I send,
Works, and prayers, pawns, and fruits of a friend.
And may that saint which rides in our great Seal
To you who bear his name assist you all

TRANSLATED OUT OF GAZÆUS.

Vota Amico facta. Fol. 160.

God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine,
Thou who dost, best friend, in best things outshine:
May thy soul, ever chearful, ne'er know cares;
Nor thy life, ever lively, know grey hairs;
Nor thy hand, ever open, know base holds;
Nor thy purse, ever plump, know plaits or folds;
Nor thy tongue, ever true, know a false thing;
Nor thy words, ever mild, know quarrelling;
Nor thy works, ever equal, know disguise;
Nor thy fame, ever pure, know contumelies;
Nor thy prayers know low objects, still divine:
God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine

He that cannot chuse but love,
And strives against it still,
Never shall my fancy move,
For he loves against his will:

Nor he which is all his own,
And cannot pleasure chuse;
When I am caught he can be gone,
And when he list refuse:

Nor he that loves none but fair,
For such by all are sought;
Nor he that can for foul ones care,
For his judgment then is naught:

Nor he that hath wit, for he
Will make me his jest or slave;
Nor a fool, for when others---
He can neither---

Nor he that still his mistress prays,
For she is thrall'd therefore;
Nor he that says not, for he says
Within she 's worth no more.

Is there then no kind of men
Whom I may freely prove?
I will vent that humour then
In this mine own self-love

THE heavens rejoice in motion; why should I
Abjure my so much-lov'd variety,
And not with many youth, and lov'd, divide?
Pleasure is none if not diversify'd.
The sun that, sitting in the chair of light,
Sheds flame into what else soever doth seem bright,
Is not contented at one sign to inn,
But ends his year, and with a new begins.
All things do willingly in change delight,
The fruitful mother of our appetite;
Rivers the clearer and more pleasing are,
Where their fair spreading streams run wide and clear:
And a dead lake, that no strange bark doth greet,
Corrupts itself, and what doth live in it.
Let no man tell me such a one is fair,
And worthy, all alone, my love to share:
Nature in her hath done the liberal part
Of a kind mistress, and employ'd her art
To make her loveable; and I aver
Him not humane that would turn back from her.
I love her well, and would, if need were, die
To do her service: but follows it that I
Must serve her only when I may have choice?
The law is hard, and shall not have my voice.
The last I saw in all extremes is fair,
And holds me in the sun-beams of her hair:
Her nymph-like features such agreements have,
That I could venture with her to the grave.

Another's brown, I like her not the worse;
Her tongue is soft, and takes me with discourse:
Others, for that they well descended were,
Do in my love obtain as large a share;
And tho' they be not fair, 'tis much with me
To win their love only for their degree;
And tho' I fail of my required ends,
Th' attempt is glorious, and itself commends.
How happy were our sires in ancient time,
Who held plurality of loves no crime!
With them it was accounted charity
To stir up race of all indifferently:
Kindreds were not exempted from the bands,
Which with the Persians still in usage stands.
Women were then no sooner ask'd than won,
And what they did was honest, and well done:
But since this little honour hath been us'd,
Our weak credulity hath been abus'd;
The golden laws of Nature are repeal'd,
Which our first fathers in such reverence held;
Our liberty 's revers'd, and charter 's gone,
And we made servants to Opinion,
A monster, in no certain shape attir'd,
And whose original is much desir'd;
Formless at first, but growing on its fashions,
And doth prescribe manners and laws to nations.
Here Love receiv'd immedicable harms,
And was despoiled of his daring arms;

A greater want than is his daring eyes,
He lost those awful wings with which he flies;
His sinewy bow, and those immortal darts
Wherewith he 's wont to bruise resisting hearts:
Only some few, strong in themselves, and free,
Retain the seeds of ancient liberty;
Following that part of love, altho' deprest,
And make a throne for him within their breast;
In spite of modern censures him avowing
Their sovereign, all service him allowing:
Amongst which troop, altho' I am the least,
Yet equal in perfection with the best;
I glory in subjection of his hand,
Nor ever did decline his least command;
For in whatever form the message came,
My heart did open and receive the same.
But time will in its course a point descry,
When I this loved service must deny;
For our allegiance temporary is;
With firmer age return our liberties.
What time in years and judgment we repos'd,
Shall not so eas'ly be to change dispos'd,
Nor to the art of several eyes obeying,
But beauty with true worth securely weighing,
Which being found assembled in some one,
We'll love her ever, and love her alone.

EPIGRAMS.

HERO AND LEANDER.

Both robb'd of air, we both lie in one ground;
Both whom one fire had burnt one water drown'd.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

Two by themselves each other love and fear;
Slain, cruel friends by parting have join'd here.

NIOBE.

By children's births and death I am become
So dry, that I am now mine own sad tomb.

A BURNT SHIP.

Out of a fired ship, which by no way
But drowning could be rescued from the flame,
Some men leap'd forth, and ever as they came
Near the foes' ships, did by their shot decay:
So all were lost which in the ship were found,
They in the sea being burnt, they in the burnt ship drown'd.

FALL OF A WALL.

Under an under-min'd and shot-bruis'd wall
A too bold captain perish'd by the fall,
Whose brave misfortune happiest men envy'd,
That had a tower for tomb his bones to hide.

A LAME BEGGAR.

I am unable, yonder Beggar cries,
To stand or move; if he says true he lies.

A SELF-ACCUSER.

Your mistress that you follow whores still taxeth you;
'Tis strange that she should thus confess it tho' it be true.

A LICENTIOUS PERSON.

Thy sins and hairs may no man equal call;
For as thy sins increase thy hairs do fall.

ANTIQUARY.

In his study he hath so much care
To hang all old strange things, let his wife beware.

DISINHERITED.

THY father all from thee, by his last will,
Gave to the poor; thou hast good title still.

PHRYNE.

THY flattering picture, Phryne! is like to thee
Only in this, that you both painted be.

AN OBSCURE WRITER.

PHILO with twelve years' study hath been griev'd
To b' understood: when will he be believ'd?

KLOCKIUS so deeply 'ath sworn ne'er more to come
In bawdyhouse, that he dares not go home.

RADERUS.

WHY this man gelded Martial I amuse,
Except himself alone his tricks would use,
As Kath'rine for the court's sake put down stews.

MERCURIUS GALLO-BELGICUS.

LIKE Æsop's fellow-slaves, O Mercury!
Which could do all things, thy faith is; and I
Like Æsop's self, which nothing. I confess
I should have had more faith if thou hadst less:
Thy credit lost thy credit; it is sin to do,
In this case, as thou wouldst be done unto,
To believe all. Change thy name; thou art like
Mercury in stealing, but liest like a Greek.
Compassion in the world again is bred:
Ralphius is sick, the broker keeps his bed.

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